

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 77.—VOL. III. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859.

[PRICE 4d., Stamped 5d]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

On SATURDAY, the 10th inst., being the Ninety-First Anniversary of the Foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, at a General Assembly of the Academicians.

GOLD MEDALS were awarded

To Samuel Lynn, for the best Historical Group in Sculpture;
To Ernest George, for the best Architectural Design;

SILVER MEDALS were also awarded

To Alexander Glasgow, for the best Painting from the Life;
To Richard Sithney James, for the best Drawing from the Life;
To George Augustus Frezzer for the next best Drawing from the Life;
To W. Henry O'Connor, for the next best Drawing from the Life;
To Charles Bell Birch, for the best Model from the Life;
To Thomas Fowke, for the next best Model from the Life;
To Edward Mitchell, for the next best Model from the Life;
To George Augustus Frezzer, for the best Painting from the Living Draped Model;
To R. Donaldson, for the best Drawing from the Antique;
To W. Blake Richmond, for the next best Drawing from the Antique;
To Robert Staniland West, for the best Model from the Antique;
To George Slater, for the next best Model from the Antique;
To Henry M. Egon, for a Specimen of Sculpture.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A. Secretary.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN,

Albemarle Street, December, 1859.—MR. FARADAY will DELIVER, during the Christmas Vacation, a course of SIX LECTURES, consisting of Illustrations of the various forces of Matter—i.e., of such as are called the Physical or Inorganic Forces, including in account of their relations to each other, intended for a juvenile audience, on the following days, at Three o'clock: Tuesday, 27th; Thursday, 29th; Saturday, 31st of December, 1859; Tuesday, 2d; Thursday, 4th; Saturday, 7th of January, 1860. Non-subscribers to the Royal Institution are admitted to this course on the payment of one Guinea each; and children under 16 years of age, Half-a-Guinea. A Syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution. Subscribers to all the courses of lectures delivered in the season pay Two Guineas.

Dec. 8, 1859.

JOHN BARLOW, M.A., V.P., and Sec. R.I.

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APPOINTMENT OF EDITOR.

The Council have resolved to APPOINT AN EDITOR of the SOCIETY'S JOURNAL, and other Publications, at a salary of 500l. per annum.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Candidates for the above office are requested to send in their applications and testimonials, not later than the 30th of January, 1860, to the Secretary of the Society, 12, Hanover Square, London, from whom full particulars can be obtained.

NEW HORTICULTURAL GARDEN AT KENSINGTON GORE.—THE COUNCIL OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY give notice, that the Fellows of the Society and their friends having already offered, and intended for a juvenile audience, on the following days, at Three o'clock: Tuesday, 27th; Thursday, 29th; Saturday, 31st of December, 1859; Tuesday, 2d; Thursday, 4th; Saturday, 7th of January, 1860. Non-subscribers to the Royal Institution are admitted to this course on the payment of one Guinea each; and children under 16 years of age, Half-a-Guinea. A Syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution. Subscribers to all the courses of lectures delivered in the season pay Two Guineas.

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First Representation of a New Opera.—On MONDAY, DECEMBER 19th, and the Four Following Nights, will be presented an entirely New Opera, entitled VICTORINE. The Music composed by Alfred Mellon. Julian, Mr. Santley; Michel, Mr. Henry Haigh; Hector, Mr. H. Corri; Grillon, Mr. G. Honey; Capt. Claude, Mr. Walworth; Lieut. Fomblaque, Mr. Bartleman; La Roche, Mr. Lyall; Soydaunt, Mr. Terrot; De Bohu, Mr. Tola; Louise, Miss Thirlwall; Justine, Miss Rance; Fanchon, Miss St. Clair; and Victorine, Miss Parepa. Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon. To conclude with LA FLANCEE, Mdlles. Lequigne, Pasquale, Pierron, Clara Morgan; Messrs. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, and Mons. Vandrie.

On MONDAY, the 26th (Boxing Night), will be produced a COMIC PANTOMIME, to be called PUSS IN BOOTS; OR, HARELUQUIN AND THE FAIRY OF THE GOLDEN PALMS, with New Scenery, Dresses, Machinery, and Decorations.

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PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Three Grand Morning Representations of the New Pantomime entitled HARELUQUIN TOM MOODY; OR, OLD TOWLER THE HUNSMAN, AND THE GODDESS DIANA, on MONDAY AND SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26 and 31, 1859, and MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1860, at 2 o'clock each day. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Phillips.

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REVIEWS.

The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser. With Memoir and Critical Dissertations. By the Rev. George Gilfillan. (Edinburgh: Nichol.)

"VERY few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the blatant beast," says Macaulay, in reference to the difficulty experienced by most readers in going entirely through the "Faëry Queene." It is true that Southey declares that he had read this marvellous and mighty fragment no fewer than fifty times, while he had been unable to get through the poems of Pope once; and yet we imagine that, like most of the admirers of Spenser, Southey did not read the several books of the "Faëry Queene" consecutively, but dipped occasionally into their wonderful wilderness of riches, refreshing himself with a canto at a time, pursuing the history of the "love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the virtuousness of Belphebe, the lasciviousness of Hellenora, and many the like," as Spenser says in his explanatory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, and not commencing with—

A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,

and ending only with the two remaining stanzas of the eighth book. One of the reasons that may be assigned for the difficulty experienced in reading a work through which, in its several parts, is allowed to be one of the most delightful in the English language—apart from the mere length of the poem itself—is that it is deficient in human interest. It is essentially an allegory, and therefore this result was inevitable. It is true that the abstractions personified in the poem are intensified and individualised to an extraordinary degree, that they are nicely discriminated and play their several parts in strict accordance with their several characters; and yet the reader feels that they are but dreams inhabiting Faëry Land, and is frequently reminded that they are but puppets introduced for allegorical purposes. The wonderful power of the imagination which could clothe such attenuations as Holiness, Temperance, and Chastity with such attributes of humanity as those possessed by the Red Cross Knight, Sir Guyon, and Britomart, which could surround them with such endless variety of scenery, and lead them through such marvellous adventures as those of which we read in the "Faëry Queene," might well draw all imaginative and poetical readers to the magical page of this mighty enchanter, whose fullness and rich redundancy, while occasionally overloading the mind, never fail to afford it the amplest satisfaction.

Another reason why the exquisite beauties of Spenser are more thoroughly relished when perused separately is to be ascribed to the fact that the poem, as it stands, itself a fragment, is throughout essentially fragmentary. It is hard to say whether or not this would have been the case had Spenser completed his grand design, and made Arthur the real and substantial personage of his story. "The beginning, therefore, of my history," says Spenser, writing to Sir Walter Raleigh, "if it were told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth book, which is the last; where I devise that the Faëry Queene kept her annual feast XII.

days; upon which XII. several days the occasions of the XII. several adventures happened, which, being undertaken by XII. several knights, are in these XII. books severally handled and discoursed." Had this great intention been executed, it is not improbable that the poem would have possessed more of unity as well as of completeness. At least, there would have been a grand central figure, about which all the other errant knights would have been grouped—a main story, into which the many diverse episodic threads would probably have been woven, so as to produce something like a harmonious whole. As it stands, it must be confessed that the poem is a puzzle. It is one of those "dark conceits," about which speculation may continue to busy itself to little purpose. As an allegory, the poem, in its several characters, not only depicts several virtues, but points, if Upton, Todd, Spence, and the rest of the commentators are to be believed, to contemporaries of the poet; and, although this theory has not been controverted, how is it possible for the mind to take in at once such contradictory presentations of the same personages without a sense of confusion and perplexity, as, for instance, Mary, Queen of Scots, who is at one time supposed to be represented by Duessa, at another by Amoret, and at another by Florimel—an ugly witch, a persecuted maiden, and a lovely, amiable, and pure-minded woman, type of all beauty, and pattern of all virtues? This is but one out of many examples which might be selected, where the character typified passes through many incongruous phases, and is represented in many anomalous positions. Perplexity is added to perplexity, confusion is added to confusion, story is interwoven with story, episode is added to episode, countless heroes are sent out on bootless missions, adventures are entered upon that have no termination, endless vistas are patiently hewn out of the "Wood of Error," down which the sunlight streams in gorgeous copiousness, and in the tracks of which are seen the figures of knights and ladies, who are evidently allied, but who seldom meet, and when meeting seldom meet to much purpose, but pursue their errant courses at their own sweet will, until the reader is bewildered, amazed, and at last wearied.

Readers of the finest taste feel this sense of weariness come upon them as they wander through the mazes of the "Faëry Queene," while the popular mind, which loves to be attracted towards poetry, has long been repelled by the difficulties presented by the antiquated orthography of the poem. In this respect, the present editor of Spenser is an innovator. He has retained all the obsolete words in the text, explaining their meaning on the margin—a plan greatly preferable to that of appending a glossary—so that the reader can peruse the poem, and see the explanation of the obsolete words at a glance, and without having his attention interrupted. In other cases, where in order to suit the measure and rhythm, the author arbitrarily changes the spelling, the editor has made no alterations; but in all other cases he gives the modern spelling. "The use of redundant vowels," he says, "as in 'meete,' 'beene,' 'auncient,' 'dide,' 'owne,' for *meet, been, ancient, did, own*; the use of 'i' for j, as 'ioy,' 'iar' for *joy, jar*; of 'y' for i, as 'yron,' 'soyle,' 'tyde,' 'prayse,' for *iron, soil, tide, praise*; of contractions, such as 'hart,' 'els,' for *heart, else*; and many others which occur in the work, have had the effect

of repelling many modern readers, while it cannot be contended that the merit of the poem depends on these peculiarities." Of course, no one will contend that any one of the numberless merits of the poem is at all dependent on its antique orthography; but Mr. Gilfillan is himself aware that the learned in such matters will regard his labours in this direction with anything but approval, that those to whom the "presentation of an antique page presents no barrier, but acts as a zest," while unable to urge any strong argument in favour of the preservation of the ancient spelling, will, nevertheless, feel as though some unwarrantable liberty had been taken with their old favourite. However, it is a question whether the time had not arrived for attempting to popularise one of the greatest poets the world has ever seen, not by tampering with the original text, not by displacing obsolete words by their modern synonyms—that were a task for a literary Vandal—but, to use the editor's own expressive language, by seeking to clear away some of the rust which obscures the medal, while regarding the medal itself as sacred, as it passed from the hands of the great artist. Certainly much has been now done towards making Spenser better known and more extensively read. He is not one of those poets whose claims everybody is willing to allow, because nobody reads him, whose reputation is based, as Napoleon said that of Dante was, on the fact that he was unreadable. It is no small service which has been rendered to the fame of Spenser, by both editor and publisher, that now anyone who can command seventeen shillings and sixpence may possess a splendid library edition of the poet in five octavo volumes, printed in bold, clear type, on excellent paper, and with the aid of the marginal references, may read his pictured page as easily as that of the latest edition of Shelley, Keats, or Tennyson.

In the "Life" prefixed to the second volume, Mr. Gilfillan recounts all that is known of the history of the poet, and has some ingenious speculations for which, however, he is not individually responsible, in reference to the identity of the renowned jilt "Rosalinde," loved and immortalised by Spenser, and the fruitful theme of learned disputations among commentators. "The Widow's Daughter of the Glen," who was wooed in vain by Colin Clout, though represented as a lowly maiden by the poet, is asserted to be in reality "a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and manners," by the mysterious "E. K.," who was a contemporary of Spenser. He hints also, that "perhaps the name being well ordered, will betray the very name of Spenser's loved mistress." This, though nearly all that this anonymous annotator tells us about the first love of the poet, has been quite sufficient to awaken curiosity, and to bring into the world numberless ingenious theories and speculations. Thus one biographer says, "That as Rose is a common Christian name, so in Kent among the gentry, under Henry VI., in 'Fuller's Worthies,' we find in Canterbury the name of John Lynde; thus, Rose Lynde, Rosalind." This derivation of the name was too obvious to be true, not sufficiently recondite to be reliable; and therefore another critic conjectures that "Rosalind's real name was Eliza Harden—an anagram of Rosalind, the aspiration being omitted," and adds that "Thomas Harden, as well as Mr. Linde, was a gentleman of

Kent, in the time of Henry VI." The theory to which the editor evidently attaches most importance, and which he regards as perfect in all points save one, is that which was ingeniously argued in the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1858, wherein, in an article entitled "Colin Clout and the Faëry Queen," the writer maintains that Rosalinde is an anagram of Rose Daniel, the sister of Samuel Daniel, who was an intimate friend and brother poet of Spenser, author of many tragedies and comedies, and among other things of a poem in eight cantos, entitled "The Civil Wars of England." Daniel's sister was married to John Florio. This man, who is supposed to be the prototype of Shakspeare's "Holofernes" in "Love's Labour's Lost," was of Italian descent, though born in London in the same year as Spenser. He was the author of several popular works—amongst others of the "Garden of Recreation," of "First Fruits," and "Second Fruits," of a translation of Montaigne, and of some verses which won the approval of Elizabeth, and her successor James. The American writer maintains that he was the original of the "Menalcus" of the "Shepherd's Calendar," and the "carle and fool" who leads Mirabella in the Seventh Canto of the Sixth Book of the "Faëry Queene." Spenser was not likely to regard a successful rival with much favour; and in proof that Florio was, though a scholar, entitled to the opprobrious epithets bestowed upon him by the poet, he says, "Rose Daniel's husband, maugre his celebrity and places of dignity and profit, was beset with tempers and oddities which exposed him, more perhaps than any man of his time, to the ridicule of contemporary wits and poets. He was, at least in his literary career, jealous, envious, irritable, vain, pedantic and bombastical, petulant and quarrelsome, ever on the watch for an affront, and always in the attitude of a fretful porcupine, with a quill pointed in every direction against real or supposed enemies. He adopted a formidable prefix to his name, and to any 'bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,' to every address, prelude, preface, introduction, or farewell, accompanying any of his numerous works, he subscribed himself the Resolute—Resolute John Florio." In confirmation of this theory Mr. Gilfillan adds that "it is remarkable that the Greek word Menalcus means 'resolute.'" The Countess of Pembroke, who was the patron of Daniel, was the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, the friend and patron of Spenser, and therefore it comes within the range of possibility that Spenser and Daniel were acquaintances.

But the theory, though wearing an aspect of probability in some respects, cannot be made to adapt itself to all the well-known requirements of the case. It is so apt and so ingenious that it seems a pity to cast a doubt on its credibility; and yet we have high authority for asserting that facts are stubborn things, and will not accommodate themselves to speculations and generalities, however clever and ingenious. That Rosalind belonged to the North of England is clear from Spenser himself, as well as from his anonymous and contemporaneous commentator, "E. K." In the sixth eclogue, "Hobinole, or Harvey,"—the friend and colleague of the poet—says Mr. Craik, "entreats him to forsake the hilly soil that so bewitched him, and where he had been treated by his mistress with so much cruelty, and to resort to the fruitful dales where Harvey himself was; and 'E. K.' explains the hills to be the north country, where the poet then dwelt, and

the dales, the south parts, or Kent, 'where henow abideth,' that is, where he resided when the poem was published." Now, the Daniels, as Mr. Gilfillan assures us, came from Somersetshire, and he adds, "we never hear of Samuel, the poet, residing in the north. He was educated at Oxford, held an office under the court in London, and died at Beckington in his native shire." And thus the famous Rosalind remains involved in as much mystery as heretofore.

Much disputatious speculation has also been indulged in as to the rank of the Irish lady whom Spenser did marry, while he resided at Kilcolman. From the evidence furnished by his "Amoretti," a series of sonnets, some of which are among the finest in the English language—and his "Epithalamium," it would appear that Spenser had fallen in love about the year 1592, and that he married the lady of his choice on St. Barnabas's Day, the 11th of June, 1594. Todd, who generally takes matters literally, supposes her to be a girl of mean birth, simply because the poet speaks of her as a "country lass." For the same reason, and for the sake of consistency, he ought to doubt that Spenser ever possessed the friendship of Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney, that he was the real owner of 3028 acres of land and Kilcolman Castle, or that he was appointed Sheriff of Cork by Queen Elizabeth, because he denominates himself a "shepherd boy." Cibber, in his "Lives of the Poets," discovers that Spenser's wife was the daughter of a merchant; but Mr. Gilfillan thinks that the most plausible conjecture is that which is thrown out by the American writer to whom he frequently refers, who assumes the principle of anagram, and argues that the perpetual application of the term "Angel" in the sonnets indicates that the real name of the poet's bride was Nagle. A fond, lingering playing on the name of the beloved object was very much in vogue at that period; Shakspeare's repeated iterations of the name of Anne Hathaway immediately present themselves; but we desiderate stronger evidence that the name of Spenser's bride was Nagle, because in the "Amoretti" she is called an "Angel." That appellation, as applied to a new-made bride, is rather too common, not only among poets but among men in general, to be of much value in determining a vexed question, or fixing the identity of the lady to whom it is applied in any particular instance. Fortunately for the conjecture of the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, there was certainly an Irish family of the name of Nagle located in the immediate neighbourhood of Kilcolman Castle. The chief of the Red Nagles resided on the banks of the Mulla, and had a son, David, who died in Dublin in 1637, and it is argued that it is fair to suppose that this David had a sister of a marriageable age. Mr. Gilfillan notices what the American journalist omits, that the mother of Edmund Burke was a Nagle, born at Castletown Roche, within a few miles of Kilcolman, and that her grand-aunt was the wife of Sylvanus Spenser, the poet's eldest son. The present editor of Spenser takes care not to commit himself absolutely to any speculations on this point, and expresses his wonder that, if the above conjecture be well founded, there should be no tradition of any connection with a name so celebrated as Spenser in the Nagle family. "Burke's Christian name, Edmund," he says, "was derived from the Nagles, and was likely handed down from that of the poet. We would respectfully

request some of our researching Irish friends to follow out the clue of suggestion thus laid before them." The matter is certainly worth investigating.

In the critical essay on the genius of Spenser, which is prefixed to the third volume, Mr. Gilfillan appears to much advantage. The peculiarities of the poet are pointed out clearly and effectively; and the editor stoutly defends him from the assaults of Hallam and Ruskin, both of whom gird at his famous description of a forest. "In dreams no man is a pre-Raphaelite," says Mr. Gilfillan; and Spenser's poem is a divine dream, and not a mere inventory. It was natural that Mr. Ruskin should object to the lush vegetation of Spenser's forest, on the ground that no natural wood contained such a variety of species. According to his creed, the poet as well as the painter must be a mere copyist; but if so in landscape, so also in life; and at that rate Spenser was no poet at all—the selection of his subject putting him beyond the pale of legitimate art and art-criticism. Bare and bold fidelity to what pre-Raphaelites term "Nature" was certainly not to be expected in a poem which is purely imaginative and allegorical from first to last, and the scenes of which are laid in Fairyland. Read properly, such a poem will be found full of exquisite natural descriptions; which, however, are not exact photographs of any single scene on earth. The latter, in a work of this sort, as in dreams, are the mere materials out of which the poet constructs his fairy-world, the signs and symbols which he employs arbitrarily to indicate the recondite mysteries which he seeks to reveal. It is to a poet like Spenser that the beautiful words of Addison are specially applicable: "The poet," says the *Spectator*, "is not obliged to attend Nature in the slow advances she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers; he may draw into his description all the beauties of spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it more agreeable. His rose-trees, woodbines, and jessamines may flower together, and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it, myrrh may be met in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. Nay, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy, as he pleases. He is at no more expense in a long vista than a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half-a-mile high as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers in all the variety of meanders that are most delightful to the reader's imagination." These are golden sentences, but their application lies with those who have the instincts of genius only. Mr. Gilfillan says very truly, "Diffusion is at once the power and the weakness of Spenser's style. His riches consist of gold-leaf, not of guineas nor of bullion; but then the gold leaf he possesses is immense in quantity, and is always spread out in graceful forms. From this diffusion, however," he adds, "there springs

an occasional languor of style and heaviness of general effect. His flowers of speech often droop their heads, and slumber under the still, sultry fervour of his tropical imagination. In reading Shakspeare you can never sleep for a moment; in reading Spenser, you feel often drowsy; but it is the sleep of fullness, not of starvation; it is the slumber of the Enchanted Ground, and it is always starred with dreams." Another of the poet's characteristics is well brought out in the following sentences:—"His passion for form, colour, the new, the fair, the pictorial, amounts almost to a disease. As a painter, his principal peculiarity is gusto. You not only see, but can feel and handle the objects of his imagination." This is very true. Spenser's descriptions are overloaded with details, the mind is oppressed with them, the fullness of his imagination leaves nothing for that of his reader to do or dream. Some of this over elaboration is, doubtless to be attributed to the requirements of the stanza which he adopted, and which he has immortalised with his name, with its rich copiousness and its languid and voluptuous flow; a stanza so beautiful that, with the exception of Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Johnson, and a few others, most modern poets of mark and fame have adopted it—which so won the admiration of Byron and Shelley, that both selected it as the medium for expressing their finest and subtlest thoughts in "Childe Harold" and the "Revolt of Islam,"—which led Campbell to indite his chaste beautiful "Gertrude of Wyoming" in its measure—which won Beattie to compose his "Minstrel" to the music of its march—and above all induced Thomson and Shenstone to pen their exquisite "Castle of Indolence" and "Schoolmistress"—assuredly two of the most delightful poems in the English language—in this magical stanza, which is now for ever associated with copious and exquisite paintings of scenery, with rich humour, and quaint beauties of every sort, with dreams not of the night, but of the day, with rapt idealisations of nature, and with the gloom and gladness of Fairyland.

We need hardly add that this superb edition of Spenser forms part of the series of the "Library Edition of the British Poets," issued by Mr. Nichol, the enterprising publisher of Edinburgh, the cheapness and the beauty of which are among the publishing marvels of our time.

La Campagne d'Italie de 1859. Chroniques de la Guerre. Par le Baron de Bazancourt, appelé par ordre de l'Empereur à l'armée d'Italie. 1re Partie. 8vo. (Paris: Amyot.)

BARON DE BAZANCOURT seems destined to become the historiographer of the empire. During the Crimean war he had already been entrusted with the care of collecting the documents relating to that great expedition, of putting them into shape, and embodying them in a readable narrative; the book we are about to review is, so to say, the companion volume of the "*Chroniques de la Guerre d'Orient*;" it merely professes to be a statement of facts from which future historians will have to draw their conclusions; *scribitur ad narandum*, M. de Bazancourt would say, *non ad probandum*.

But a course such as this is scarcely possible. The book begins with a chapter entitled "*Causes de la guerre d'Italie*." Now surely, in examining the motives which led to hostilities between Austria and France,

the most impartial, and let us say, the most indifferent of writers must appreciate these motives, and state on what side he thinks rests the awful responsibility of having endangered once more the peace of Europe. We need scarcely tell our readers what are M. de Bazancourt's thoughts on this difficult subject, and although he professes to "*faire taire nos propres appréciations*," we were not surprised at finding in his preliminary remarks a mere comment on the official statements given at the time by the *Moniteur*.

The great merit of M. de Bazancourt's account appears, if we view it exclusively as a journal of the operations of the French army during the Italian campaign. The various evolutions, marches, and counter-marches, are faithfully described, and all the principal officers and generals engaged in the war are chronicled in a series of concise biographical notes, profusely scattered throughout the volume. Make a little allowance for the rhetorical style of a Frenchman, expatiating on the prowess of his fellow-countrymen, suppress here and there a few metaphors, a simile or two, some allusions to "*la gloire*," "*les lauriers*," &c., &c., and there still remains a very valuable *compte-rendu* drawn up from official documents, and which will be read with profit until the time comes when historians are able to tell us, not only the strategic account of the war, but also the secret causes which led to it, and the circumstances which brought it to so speedy a conclusion; in short, the *dessous des cartes* of the whole business. The first book of the narrative before us ends with the battle of Montebello; the second brings us to the battle of Magenta. From the announcement on the title-page we presume that a further volume will speedily follow, describing the end of the campaign. We cannot say much for the plan of the battlefield of Magenta, which has been added by way of illustration; it gives no clue to the movements of the contending armies, and is merely a topographical sketch, very incomplete and imperfect; the official documents, thrown together in the Appendix, especially the reports sent in to the emperor by the various generals, are, on the other hand, extremely interesting.

Bibliothèque des Mémoires pendant le 18e siècle, avec Avant-propos et Notices par M. F. Barrière. Mémoires Secrets sur la Russie et sur les Règnes de Catherine II. et de Paul I. 12mo. (Paris: Firmin Didot.)

M. BARRIÈRE has for the last few years been engaged in editing a collection of memoirs relating to the eighteenth century; Madame de Staal-Delaunay, Duclos, Marmontel, the whole tribe of authors (and their name is legion) who wrote down for the benefit of posterity their impressions of men and things, is now accessible to the reading public in a series of cheap and elegant volumes. Encouraged by his success, M. Barrière ventures beyond the boundaries of France, and introduces us to the court of Russia under Catherine II. and Paul I. He has thought that an excursion as far as St. Petersburg would not be unprofitable, and the relations which existed between France and Russia one hundred years ago were sufficiently close to make such a publication really acceptable.

The secret memoirs which M. Barrière has selected are those of a Major Masson, who, for the space of ten years, from '86 to '96, served in the Russian army. Born in

France, but brought up in Switzerland, he imbibed very strongly the republican ideas which were then afloat, and throughout his work we see almost at every step how much his political opinions prejudiced him against the institutions and the persons amongst whom he lived. Yet Major Masson was a constant attendant at court; he at first received a commission as captain of dragoons, subsequently he had been promoted to a majority in the Imperial Guard, and both he and his brother, who had married the daughter of General Méliissino, seemed on the road to the highest military and political preferments. Whether, however, Major Masson took advantage of his position to diffuse around him his republican theories, or whether he had become acquainted with secrets of a delicate character respecting certain high personages of the court, we are not informed; but on the accession of Paul I. to the throne he fell into disgrace, and was banished from Russia together with his brother. Thus much we know about the author of the *Mémoires Secrets* now presented to the public. The introduction of M. Barrière sets forth in its true light the merit of these memoirs, by showing us how the official histories of Russia have hitherto been written. Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.* was an attempt to represent the *grand monarque* as a pattern of a diplomatist, a warrior, a king; the *Histoire de Pierre le Grand* is a specimen of exactly the same system applied to the famous Czar. M. Barrière illustrates this assertion, in explaining at some length how Voltaire softened down the facts connected with the massacre of the Strelitz. The philosopher of Ferney was interested, besides, whilst writing on the history of Russia, in conciliating the Empress Catherine, who, like Frederic, King of Prussia, had embraced the opinions of the encyclopedists.

The conclusion of the foregoing remarks is, that the true portrait of a sovereign, the true character of a nation must not be sought in the pages of professed historians, but in the unguarded confidences of observers who wrote for themselves, and not for posterity. The Court of Versailles should be studied in Saint Simon's pages; the Court of St. Petersburg in the memoirs of Major Masson. And truly the disclosures given by that gentleman are not of the most edifying character; indeed, it would be difficult to select for general perusal one single chapter from the whole volume. A reign which is almost entirely taken up, as Catherine's was, by the account of court intrigues and the extravagances of successive favourites, cannot supply many anecdotes of a moral and improving tendency. After making every allowance for the anti-monarchical views of Major Masson, it is impossible to accuse him of having, out of *malice prepense*, exaggerated the evil side of the picture; other memoirs, other narratives are there to corroborate his own statements.

If we wish to describe in two words the character of Catherine II., we know of none more appropriate than the following: *ambition, love*. Gradually ambition leads her to crime, and love, with her, speedily becomes debauchery. In her youth she was only a fascinating woman, witty, graceful, but concealing under the attractions of her age all the skill of a consummate politician; at a later period of life she is only an unprincipled despot, sacrificing everything to her ambition and her sensuality. When the celebrated painter, Madame Vigée Le Brun,

went to St. Petersburg for the purpose of taking the likeness of the Czarina, some one gave her the following curious recipe to make a correct portrait: "*Prenez pour toile la carte de l'empire des Russies; les ténèbres de l'ignorance, pour le fond; les dépouilles de la Pologne, pour draperies; le sang humain, pour coloris; pour croquis, les monuments de son règne; et pour ombre, six mois du règne de son fils.*" Major Masson in his book has acted according to this direction, but, although he represents her administration as abominable, and the general mismanagement as something quite extraordinary, yet he is obliged to acknowledge her unquestionable talents. "*Oh! qu'elle eût été grande,*" says he, "*si elle eût eu le cœur aussi juste que l'esprit!*"

With the knowledge of what the present Emperor of Russia has already done and is now doing for the complete enfranchisement of the serfs, it is curious to read Major Masson's reflections on such a measure, and on the consequences he thought it was likely to produce. In his opinion the nobles were to take the initiative, not the emperor; and the mighty social revolution which he anticipated at no long distance must be brought about by the aristocracy itself. Major Masson, as we have already hinted, was thoroughly imbued with the (so-called) liberal ideas of the times in which he lived. Religion with him is fanaticism, and the ceremonies of public worship are monkey-tricks (*singerie*). But, despite these blemishes, his narrative is very interesting, and the notes which have been added, both at the foot of almost every page and in the final Appendix, amply illustrate the allusions of an obscure and difficult character.

Napoleon III. Par Eugène de Mirecourt.
(Allen & Co.)

SHOULD Eugène de Mirecourt, alias Jacquot, be respected or despised? Is he a selfish means to some great end, or a cruel remorseless iconoclast, breaking the idols of millions of people, tarnishing the pure gold he finds, and declaring the metal to be but brass? This man has struck at the reputation of every living French man and woman of any fame or notoriety, and for fifty centimes you may buy the life-scandal of a Rachel or a George Sand.

And yet this writer serves a good purpose. The fear of the punishment of notoriety may prevent a man from sin, and he may therefore practise virtue till he love it.

M. de Mirecourt commences with a preface. He says, "Our biographic work has created in Paris an extent of bitterness and anger equal to the scrupulous care of our investigations, and the conscientiousness which has presided over our studies." The author argues that he has but "photographed" living men; that he has simply applied to "living history a system of faithful reproduction." "Many individuals," he declares, "are angry with these portraits, and would destroy them; which proves that they are repulsive, and resemble the originals too thoroughly. The time has arrived," says M. de Mirecourt,

"when we should explain ourselves categorically. Here below, men are naught, principles everything. Man is a mixture of grandeur and misery, noble sentiments and terrible passions, high intelligence and inconceivable idiocy, ever ready to misconstrue doctrines, and find in them a meaning which agrees with his interests or his weakness . . . consequently we attack, and

shall continue to attack all guilty men, precisely as we praise and shall praise all the virtuous."

It is needless to quote the whole of this *avant-propos*, but in order to set out its value at once, we may state that the author seeks support in the fourth satire of Persius, a Socratic dialogue, and St. Paul. "Then," argues M. de Mirecourt,

"If the pagan philosopher and the Christian philosopher think alike—to those who blame us for seeking in the private lives of our heroes those reasons whereby men can only judge of their public acts, we answer by invoking the authority of St. Paul and Socrates—and *we are proud to agree with them.* As for me, I mistrust that public man who jealously and completely hides his private life from view. This point established, let us pass to the history of Napoleon III."

And a very pretty history indeed it is in M. de Mirecourt's hands.

The Third Napoleon has not been spared since he enwrapped himself in his ensanguined purple; the *Morning Advertiser*, for instance, has been a model of persevering hate. The "daily" we have named has ever been ready at any time to publish some stinging little anecdote against Napoleon; but here in a small book we have a complete digest, every page containing quite enough historical black marks to proclaim their owner a moral negro for the rest of his days:

"If," the first chapter declares, "we accept exile to depict at liberty this strange nature, which has triumphed over the absurd by stubbornness, difficulties by audacity, and opposition by crime, we cling to the hope that a voluntary expatriation will have no long duration."

We find several pages of the Emperor's life dedicated to his slight companionship and connection with Napoleon.

"Some biographies," says the author, "declare that Napoleon on his return from Elba, being separated from his son, found much resemblance between his nephew and the King of Rome—which proves that either the great Emperor was no physiognomist, or the features of Prince Louis have changed completely in the course of years."

The "Prince" behaved very affectionately to the Emperor when he was about to set out for Waterloo—he wept, and refused to leave the great man; whereupon said Napoleon to a marshal, "Embrace the little one—he is good at heart, and in soul. Perhaps he is the hope of my race." M. Eugène de Mirecourt is unamiable enough to disbelieve this historic atom.

Of Napoleon's education, M. de Mirecourt says:

"Endowed with a dry, egotistical, icy nature, he had an antipathy to all devotion, all greatness of soul—Louis Bonaparte detested poets. But if he lacks literature, he can certainly mount a horse with any man of the age."

Neither is Napoleon's portrait flattering:

"Imagine an enormous nose, with a prodigious curve, which has procured its owner the name of the 'peaky parrot,' eyes dead, veiled, and impenetrable; a preposterous bust, and the general appearance of an officer on half-pay, dressed as a mock emperor for the ring at Astley's, and you have M. Bonaparte complete."

The author projects himself into Napoleon's mind to ascertain the royal gamester's thought anent the Holy Father who refused to come to Paris:

"We are too phlegmatic, and filled with prudence," Napoleon is made to say, "to employ the argument of a box on the ear, such as our uncle dared to urge upon one of your predecessors; we are far less impetuous; but we have read Machiavelli."

The whole of that astounding attempt at Boulogne is detailed in the most grotesque style. No translation can do justice to it—but here is a sample:

"In vain he shouts; in vain he cries at the top of his voice '*Vive l'Empereur!*'—nothing does. He obtains not one mark of sympathy. Whereupon he fires a pistol at an officer, thereby smashing three teeth belonging to a common soldier, and then—M. Napoleon runs away. Husted by his pursuers, and being in too great a hurry to re-embark, he goes crash into the sea—he, and his general's uniform, his uncle's cocked hat, his arms, and his hundred thousand francs, in gold and notes, which he has in his pockets. Monsieur is inevitably about to be drowned, when a common sailor plunges into the sea and restores M. Bonaparte to life and to society."

One of the anecdotes is very cruel; it refers to the great voting period, and to a bourgeois, who was asked:

"You have named Louis Napoleon emperor?"

"Yes," said the bourgeois.

"Would you take him as a clerk?"

"My faith—no," said the bourgeois.

Nor has M. de Mirecourt written a bad thing in achieving the following lines:

"Machiavelli permits his disciple to embrace brother and sister in order to stifle them more effectually; Napoleon did not hesitate to exhibit towards democracy a similar proof of affection."

The special-constable episode is made the most of—and too much, because we venture to believe Napoleon III. never "pointed a cannon on London Bridge against the Chartists." M. de Mirecourt is horribly scornful over the whole of this special business, and thus concludes:

"It was even questioned whether he should be admitted into the ranks of the special constables, and under pretext that all the staffs were distributed, the handle of a broom was cut up into three pieces, and one third of the product put into his hand. We are sure this anecdote is the truth."

M. Fould, erst banker, now minister, is cruelly handled, and it is after the detail of much borrowing, &c., in connection with this child of fortune, that the pamphleteer cries,

"*Et dire que tout cela est de l'histoire, 6 misère!*"

When we arrive at the imperial days we read much that is startling; indeed, we are informed that kisses, to be bestowed on a picture of the Emperor, sold well, at prices from one sou to three, according to the part of the figure which received the tribute.

Of the terrible massacre, M. de Mirecourt can tell us naught that is new. As a personal proof of the indiscriminate nature of that deeply-laid crime, he says that he himself saw no less than forty bodies of well-dressed people lying in the streets.

Perhaps one of the most degrading particulars, as showing how completely all feeling had deserted the soldiery, is the criticism of a soldier who, shooting an old man, saw him fall upon a heap of corpses: "Good—he hasn't bumped his head."

M. de Mirecourt has much to say on the suggested invasion. It is not worth the translating: the author is one who believes France could quite upset us, but not by such a means as M. Bonaparte, as he persists in calling the Emperor of the French; who, it seems, "is, after Louis XI., the most abominable type of egotism that has tarnished the throne of France."

M. de Mirecourt attributes the absurd and unenviable public halo which surrounds Plon-Plon to the neutrality policy of Napoleon. Towards the end of the book the assumed revelations are terrible. "Public

rumour has whispered of murders within the walls, and of private executions."

In conclusion, the author says of the Emperor and his mushroom satellites:

"Napoleon has waded to the throne through blood, and now he robs France to shower gold upon his cringing and impure companions. Morny is worth sixty millions, but the other day he was at a woman's apron strings. Magnan is growing fat, Fould is the high priest of Plutus, and Mires is not in the galleys. But they will all arrive at that destination in time—for we believe in the justice of Heaven."

We have given much space to this book, but we have premised our reasons; whether good or bad we leave our public to judge. But let M. de Mirecourt be assured of this, that if his forthcoming life of Her Majesty of England is to be modelled in his usual libellous style, he will find that the purlieus of the Strand are too hot to hold him. As for Lord Palmerston, whose life is promised, he can and will put a bold face upon any literary attack whatever.

The Elements of Perspective, arranged for the Use of Schools. By John Ruskin, M.A., Author of "Modern Painters," &c. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

It is only within a comparatively recent period that Mr. Ruskin has come forward as a practical instructor in that art, of whose theory he has so long been by far the most brilliant and original exponent. Though, from the nature of their subject, it is impossible that his educational books should possess the same striking and dazzling excellences which distinguish his theoretical works, they have nevertheless a merit of their own, which, though different in kind, is scarcely, if at all, inferior in degree. The illustrations to those works which have established Mr. Ruskin's reputation as the most remarkable art-critic of his day, afford convincing proof that he is himself a draughtsman of no ordinary skill; and the practical books which he has more recently published show that he is eminently endowed with the still rarer power of communicating to others the knowledge which he himself possesses. In his "Elements of Drawing" the first principles of the art were stated in terms at once so simple and so suggestive, as at the same time to bring them entirely within the range of the student's comprehension, and to attract his attention to them with irresistible force. The present volume is designed to facilitate the study of perspective in a similar manner. Owing to the comparatively technical nature of its subject, it is less likely than its predecessor to attract the notice of the general reader; but to the practical student it is, we think, likely to prove a most valuable manual. The following extract from the preface will convey the best idea of Mr. Ruskin's modest estimate of the position which he expects his work to occupy, and of the purposes which it is designed to fulfil:

"For some time back I have felt the want, among students of drawing, of a written code of accurate perspective law; the modes of construction in common use being various, and, for some problems, insufficient. It would have been desirable to draw up such a code in popular language, so as to do away with the most repulsive difficulties of the subject; but, finding this popularisation would be impossible without elaborate figures and long explanations, such as I had no leisure to prepare, I have arranged the necessary rules in a short, mathematical form, which any schoolboy may read through in a few days after he has mastered the first three and the sixth books of Euclid.

"Some awkward compromises have been admitted between the first-attempted popular explanation, and the severer arrangement, involving irregular lettering and redundant phraseology; but I cannot for the present do more, and leave the book therefore to its trial, hoping that, if it be found by masters of schools to answer its purpose, I may hereafter bring it into better form."

Mr. Ruskin arranges the rules of perspective in twenty problems, some of which include two or three corollaries; and in an Appendix he adds a few well-chosen practical examples, for the elucidation of those few problems which especially require such aid. The student who has thoroughly mastered these few pages has it in his power "to draw any form, however complicated, which does not involve intersection of curved surfaces." He must not forget, however, that the book is designed merely as an aid to, not as a substitute for, practical instruction; and must not imagine that it will enable him to dispense with the direction and general supervision of a competent teacher.

Although the volume is mainly devoted to matter of a purely special and technical nature, it would not be Mr. Ruskin's if it were entirely free from general deductions of very considerable interest and value. Take, for instance, the following observations which occur towards the conclusion of the work:

"There is yet another and a very important reason, not only for care in placing the station-point, but for that accurate calculation of distance and observation of measurement which have been insisted on throughout this work. All drawings of objects on a reduced scale are, if rightly executed, drawings of the appearance of the object at the distance which in true perspective reduces it to that scale. They are not *small* drawings of the object seen near, but drawings of the *real size* of the object seen far off. Thus, if you draw a mountain in a landscape, three inches high, you do not reduce all the features of the near mountain so as to come into three inches of paper. You could not do that. All that you can do is to give the appearance of the mountain, when it is so far off that three inches of paper would really hide it from you. It is precisely the same in drawing any other object. A face can no more be reduced in scale than a mountain can. It is infinitely delicate already; it can only be quite rightly rendered in its own scale, or at least in the slightly-diminished scale which would be fixed by placing the plate of glass supposed to represent the field of the picture, close to the figures. Correggio and Raphael were both fond of this slightly subdued magnitude of figure. Colossal painting, in which Correggio excelled all others, is usually the enlargement of a small picture (as a colossal sculpture is of a small statue), in order to permit the subject of it to be discerned at a distance. The treatment of colossal (as distinguished from ordinary) paintings will depend, therefore, in general, on the principles of optics more than on those of perspective, though, occasionally, portions may be represented as if they were the projection of near objects on a plane behind them. In all points the subject is one of great difficulty and subtlety; and its examination does not fall within the compass of this essay.

"Lastly, it will follow from these considerations, and the conclusion is one of great practical importance, that, though pictures may be enlarged, they cannot be reduced, in copying them. All attempts to engrave pictures completely on a reduced scale are, for this reason, nugatory. The best that can be done is to give the aspect of the picture at the distance which reduces it in perspective to the size required; or, in other words, to make a drawing of the distant effect of the picture. Good painting, like nature's own work, is infinite and unrepeatable."

In conclusion, we must observe that it

would have been well to bestow a little more care on the engraving of the diagrams by which the problems are illustrated. The lettering is very generally defective; and in more than one case Mr. Ruskin has been compelled to append a note, pointing out and correcting positive inaccuracies in their construction.

Views of Labour and Gold. By William Barnes, B.D. (John Russell Smith.)

Mr. Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, whose "Hwomely Rhymes" are doubtless familiar to many of our readers, has in this instance appeared before the public in a new character, that of a political economist. It was scarcely necessary for him to tell us in his preface that "the substance of the following notes was formed for a course of lectures on Labour and Gold;" for the notes, though they profess to have been "wrought up into a fuller and more exact shape," still bear the unmistakeable impress of the purpose for which they were originally designed. It is not only by the fragmentary and unconnected nature of the various sections into which the book is divided, that we are reminded of the lecturer's platform, but also by the frequent introduction of illustrations of a familiar and colloquial sort, of which the following sample will afford a fair notion. It occurs in the section on the "Dignity of Disdain of Work:"

"I have fancied that were it not for the kindness of woman disdain of labour may enact a funny scene at a house, such as that a lady, Mrs. Mal-must, might be sitting in her room in a pelting storm of snow or hail, and may see through a window that her friend, Mrs. Mahrook, is at the door; she rings the bell that the maid, who happens to be at the top of the house, may open the door, as it is beneath herself to do such a work. The maid does not hear the bell, and the mistress, seeing her friend shivering and shrinking and stamping with cold feet, rings the bell still harder, and at last breaks the bell-rope, and then runs upstairs to fetch the maid for the unworthy work of a door-keeper, and at last greets her nose-frozen friend with such words as 'Oh! my dear Mrs. Mahrook, I am so grieved to find that you were kept so long at the door, and in such weather!'"

Such parables as this may doubtless be very successful when orally delivered, and may raise a ready laugh from a sympathetic audience; but if, by any chance, the lecture in which they occur should come to be printed, their retention among graver matter is, we think, an act of at least questionable wisdom. Unless chosen with remarkable skill, they cannot fail to convey, to some extent at least, the idea that the author is treating a serious subject in a silly and frivolous manner. In the present case their occurrence is to be the more regretted, because the graver portion of Mr. Barnes's book really contains not a few valuable and suggestive observations on the interesting matters with which it deals. In spite of its disjointed and fragmentary form, the reader will find scattered up and down many true and just views bearing on the nature and mutual relations of wealth and labour, expressed for the most part in simple and intelligible language. Take, for instance, the following extract on "Supply and Demand":

"It appears, then, that labour is the measure of commercial value in several ways: 1st. As the labour which brings a commodity to hand; 2nd. As the labour that would bring its equal to hand; 3rd. As the labour which would bring to hand the commodity next to it in good service; 4th. As the labour for which circumstances call on the buyer without it. It may be answered that it is

supply and demand which are the measure of commercial prices. It is not true that supply singly, or demand singly, is a measure of commercial value; as there is a greater supply of mutton than there is of other flesh, and yet mutton is of the higher price. "Ah! but there is no demand for other flesh," it may be answered, "it is the demand that gives commercial value." Not singly. There is as great a demand for water as for brandy, or eau-de-Cologne, and yet water is of less commercial value than either of those commodities. "Ah! one may reply, 'but it is supply and demand together that measures commercial price.' It is labour, for supply and demand can be resolved into labour. The supply of a commodity is the measure of the labour by which commodities are brought to hand, and demand for a commodity is the measure of the labour for which circumstances call on the buyer without it."

On some questions of political economy, Mr. Barnes's views are rather philanthropic than strictly scientific. Thus he finds an argument for the general distribution of land in small lots in the wholesome effect which the consciousness of independence produces in the mind of the small holder, and appears to be more alive to the evils than to the advantages which have attended the introduction of machinery. The fact is that Mr. Barnes, as a clergyman, brings forward considerations of moral right and wrong more prominently than the political economist, who regards the subject from a strictly scientific point of view, can possibly do. The following passage will illustrate our meaning, and is, moreover, well and forcibly put:

"In short, cunning and selfishness, and unrighteousness of several kinds, may bring in more ready money than goodness and truth; and while people freely honour the great man who can afford to keep a town-house, or a yacht, or a pack of hounds, or a carriage and four, or any costly luxury of the highest life, let us not withhold honour from the man who can afford to keep a conscience, which, if we reckon the worldly gain that must be foregone to hold that most precious treasure, is of the greatest cost."

The desire to attach a clear meaning to all the different terms which are in use in connection with labour and gold, sometimes, we think, leads Mr. Barnes to a refinement of definition which does not always conduce to satisfactory results. Thus, in drawing a distinction between capital and wealth, he says, "I do not conceive that *capital* is exactly the same as *wealth*, since *wealth* seems to be life-gear, either wrought or won, or unwrought or unwon by the hand of men—such as the mineral wealth of unworked mines, or, a rich harbour of fish by our shores—whereas *capital* is only the wealth of labour." But surely Mr. Barnes does not mean to say that the possession of an unwrought and unprofitable source of riches constitutes wealth? Supposing a property to contain a mine, the existence of which is unknown, or which, if known, the owner steadily refuses to work, would Mr. Barnes say that the proprietor was any the wealthier for the existence of the mine? We do not know whether Mr. Barnes means to draw any distinction between *wealth* and *true wealth*; but he seems to us to take a juster and more comprehensible view, when, a few pages further on, he defines true wealth as "the happy use of a fullness of happily won or received life-gear." At any rate, if we eliminate "true" from one side of the equation, and "happy" and "happily" from the other, we shall obtain a better definition of the term "wealth" than that given above.

Mr. Barnes is evidently a man of considerable general information and of a wide range of reading, and in most cases he applies his knowledge with good effect to the explanation and illustration of the matters he has had in hand. Occasionally, however, he falls into the error of stating facts, which, though perfectly true in themselves, have no perceptible bearing on the subject with which he is dealing, and which prove nothing but his own personal acquaintance with them. Thus, at the beginning of the section on coin, he tells us that:

"Gold and silver are taken for money for several qualities. Gold is a fine metal, very ductile and malleable, so that one grain of it in gold leaf will overspread four hundred square inches, and that 300,000 gold leaves will make only an inch in thickness. Gold is a metal of great tenacity and hardness, so that a golden wire of one-tenth of an inch thick will bear a weight of five hundred pounds, and it will waste but slowly in wear. The alchemists said that it was harder to destroy gold than to make it. It is a clean metal, and oxidises so slowly from the air as to be almost unrusty; it can be made, however, to form compounds with oxygen, such as oxide of gold, and peroxide of gold."

Now, of all these facts respecting gold, the only one which bears in the slightest degree upon its fitness for a circulating medium is that which Mr. Barnes designates its "unrustiness." It may be possible to make gold leaf very thin, and gold wire may be very strong, and chemists may be acquainted with two distinct oxides of gold; but why take the trouble of stating these facts in this place? Mr. Barnes makes a positive blunder where he says that gold is a metal of great hardness; he evidently labours under the impression that "hard" and "tenacious" are convertible terms. Gold is, in fact, one of the softest of the heavy metals; and though its softness, as rendering it easy to be worked, might perhaps be cited as one of the qualities which fit it for a circulating medium, it is always alloyed, previous to coinage, with a certain proportion of copper, in order to give it that degree of hardness which all coins exposed to constant wear and tear must necessarily possess. We may make the same remark concerning Mr. Barnes's illustrations which we have just made respecting his general information. They are generally apposite and well-selected; but occasionally they do not bear very closely on the statement which they are designed to enforce. For instance, he is scarcely justified in citing Solon's reply to Cræsus—"No man should be deemed fortunate till his death, as in the course of many days, months, and years of life, with no two alike, the worst forms of evil may befall him;"—as a special assertion of the worthlessness of gold and silver, as compared with other instruments of temporal welfare. What Solon meant to enforce was the instability of all human happiness, from whatever source it may be derived: so that the very point of his reply is lost unless we grant that he regarded Cræsus as possessed of the means of happiness at the time at which the conversation took place. There are one or two other points which, though not of precisely the same character as the foregoing, may perhaps be mentioned in this place: "Oh! it will be nice to fight in the shade," is scarcely a fitting or dignified version of the famous reply made—not, as Mr. Barnes asserts, by Leonidas—but by Diogenes, the bravest of the Spartan band, when told that the Persians were so numerous

that their arrows would darken the sun. Nor does our old friend,

Cautabit vacuus coram latrone viator,

gain anything by being transferred into

A traveller with nothing to lose
Before robbers won't shake in his shoes.

Judging from these examples, we were inclined to recommend Mr. Barnes to be content with simply quoting, without attempting to translate, any passages of Greek or Latin which he may think fit to introduce, until we unfortunately fell in with the following passage, the extraordinary appearance of which compels us to acquiesce in the translation as, on the whole, the less evil of the two:

"And when Lucian makes Mercury to sell, as slaves were sold, the Greek philosophers, he does not call them men, but *lives*. 'You,' says Jupiter, 'put up the lives,' *stealon toos veeos*; and then he cries, 'I offer an excellent life,' *ariston veeon polo*."

These, however, are but minor faults, and are far from being of sufficient importance to modify materially the opinion, which we have already expressed, that Mr. Barnes's little book embodies in popular and intelligible language many just and sound views on some of the most interesting questions of political economy.

The Natural History Review and Quarterly Journal of Science. (London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. Dublin: George Herbert.)

This publication is devoted to the record of the proceedings of the various scientific societies which meet in Dublin. The arrangements of the contents is of rather a singular nature, at least to an English eye; and its adoption may possibly be attributed to the nationality of the journal. We have first reviews of books: then (this number forming the conclusion of the sixth volume) the title and index to the whole: and finally the record of the proceedings of the different societies above alluded to. Judging from the titles of the works selected for review, we should say that the editors of this periodical do not attach much importance to keeping up with the progress of current literature. Möllhausen's "Pacific," Ellis's "Madagascar," Agassiz "On Classification," and Carpenter's "Animal Physiology," are all books which have been before the public for a considerable time. The method of notice generally adopted consists in giving copious extracts. We should not quarrel with this practice at all if the reviewer did not profess to form a critical opinion on the work of which he is writing: but, when he proceeds to express dissatisfaction with a book, we do think that he is bound at least to attempt to assign some reason for his opinion. We cannot agree with the view of the reviewer's duty which is taken in the following passage from the notice of Prof. Agassiz's essay:

"We do not think it necessary to point out the several passages in this work wherein Professor Agassiz, with his wonted sagacity, has attacked problems hitherto unsolved, or endeavoured to place in nearer view the full truth of conclusions but dimly present to the minds of previous zoologists; still less shall we attempt a detailed refutation of the many hasty and erroneous conclusions into which, but too frequently, he suffers himself to be led; on such subjects his work best speaks for itself. For our purpose a brief notice of its contents must suffice."

And then follow three large pages of extract, in very small print. A periodical

which reviews books in this fashion has no excuse for leaving works published in 1858 unnoticed till the end of 1859. In this department is reprinted Capt. McClintock's account of his recent expedition, which appeared in the *Times*. It is preceded by a few brief editorial remarks, from which we conclude that the gallant Arctic explorer must be an Irishman: since the indignation natural to the trampled natives of that oppressed island blazes out in a fervent denunciation of "a most dishonest attempt which has been made by a few of the London newspapers to appropriate the credit, which belongs only to Lady Franklin and the volunteers who manned her yacht, to the glorification of the Admiralty and the great Anglo-Saxon race!"

The principal societies whose proceedings are recorded in this journal are the Dublin Geological and Natural History Societies, the Irish Academy, and the Royal Dublin Society. The papers read before the three first of these associations have mostly only a special interest: but some of those which have lately been laid before the Royal Dublin Society are more likely to attract the notice of the general public. These relate to questions connected with agriculture in general, and with agricultural chemistry in particular. Mr. Thomas Baldwin, Lecturer on Agriculture, Albert Model Farm, Glasnevin, contributes a paper on the money value of manures, in which he insists on the necessity of viewing the subject by "the light which chemistry has shed upon the brow of practice." He points out that the present method of valuing manures by the amount of nitrogen which they contain is not to be relied on, because no inconsiderable proportion of the whole amount of nitrogen exists in forms of combination in which it cannot be made immediately available for the nutrition of plants. He proposes other more comprehensive methods of valuation; and insists very strongly on the necessity of protecting the farmer from the at present inevitable risk of being plundered by unprincipled vendors of adulterated manure. The plan by which he designs to effect this purpose is the appointment by government of inspectors of manures, aided by a competent permanent staff of agricultural chemists. Dr. Haughton, Professor of Hygiene and Medical Jurisprudence in the College of Steevens's Hospital, Dublin, discourses on the undisputed advantages of utilising as manure the sewage matter of our towns; but contributes nothing towards the practical realisation of this undoubtedly desirable object, beyond the suggestion of a somewhat vague plan for the collection of sewage matter. He must be aware that far more definite propositions than any contained in his paper have been for some years before the public. Certainly the most practical paper on this subject is that communicated by Mr. Robert Galloway, F.C.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry, Museum of Irish Industry, who is of opinion that manures are commonly valued too exclusively by the amount of nitrogenous matter and phosphates that they contain, whereas many soils require to be supplied with other ingredients than these. One soil may be successfully treated by a manure which is not at all adapted for another; and sufficient attention is not, he thinks, paid to the nature of the soil in the choice of a manure. On this ground he is inclined to dispute the accuracy of some of the conclusions arrived at by Messrs. Laws and Gilbert,

conceiving them to be based on experiments of a partial nature; and it is to this cause, rather than to any intentional dishonesty on the part of the witnesses, that he attributes the great discrepancy, already alluded to by Mr. Baldwin, which is often found to exist between the actual results obtained from a manure, and those vouched for in the testimonials for which it is recommended. He concludes by announcing that he intends to institute a series of experiments with a view of ascertaining "to what substance the absorptive properties of a soil are due; in what conditions a substance should be present in a soil to be useful to the immediate crop; and what must be the relative quantities of the different substances constituting the soil in order to render it in the highest degree fertile." These are, unquestionably, problems of the highest importance; and we shall be glad to hear that Mr. Galloway has made any progress towards their ultimate solution.

The Combat of the Thirty. From a Breton Lay of the Fourteenth Century. With an Introduction, comprising a new chapter of Froissart. By William Harrison Ainsworth. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE chief value of this little brochure is historical rather than literary. It throws light on an obscure passage of history, and if genuine, as Mr. Harrison evidently thinks it is, it proves that the *Combat of the Thirty*—by far the most remarkable episode of the civil wars that desolated Brittany during the fourteenth century—was not apocryphal, as both French and English historians have regarded it, but a notable fact. This remarkable ballad, which is supposed to be almost contemporaneous with the events which it describes, was found in the "*Bibliothèque du Roi*," by M. de Freminville and Penhouët, the former of whom published an edition of it at Brest, in 1819, which was, however, incorrect. Subsequently an edition was published which left nothing to be desired on the score of accuracy, every word being collated with the original manuscript by M. Méon. This edition was published in 1827 by M. Crapelet, under the auspices of the Comte de Corbière, Minister of the Interior. Still more recently, M. Pitre Chevalier, author of "*Ancient and Modern Brittany*," has brought his zeal and antiquarian knowledge to the illustration of this poem, which, as Mr. Ainsworth says, he is willing to regard as the testimony of an almost eye-witness of the conflict, while he ranks it above the newly-discovered chapter of Froissart, as "more simple and characteristic, more complete and impartial." Indeed, the enthusiasm of this gentleman is unbounded. He regards with contempt the obelisk "fifteen metres high, one metre and sixty centimetres wide at the base, and one metre wide at the top," which records the valour of the "*Thirty*," and suggests a monument which in his opinion would more befit the valour of the heroes and the glory of the country. Here is his little scheme:

"In place of this needle of stone, which resembles everything and signifies nothing, dare to realise the dream of a Breton pilgrim. Take from the bowels of the 'land of granite' thirty gigantic blocks, such as are to be found at Carnac or at Lok-Mariaker. Peradventure, you may find them on the very moor which was bedewed with the blood of the *Thirty*. Range these blocks in line of battle upon the place of the combat, as were ranged the champions of Brittany before the Marshal de Beaumanoir. Summon thirty Breton

artists, and, if artists are wanting, summon workmen; order these simple statues to carve from each block a colossal knight, with his helm on head, his hand upon his sword, and his shield by his side; all this to be naturally and largely indicated, as becomes men of iron sculptured in granite. Provided that the manly visage is distinguishable under the visor, that the outline of the human form is preserved, that the armour defines itself boldly against the sky, and that the pedestal and the statue form an indestructible mass, nothing more is wanted. Upon these thirty escutcheons engrave the thirty names and the thirty armorial bearings. Plant in the middle of the line an oak like that of Mi-Voie. Let it grow and spread itself out freely till it shall cover all the knights with its shade. And when, one day, the traveller crossing this moor shall see rising before him this enormous tree, and those thirty stone warriors, whether the sun may project after their gigantic silhouettes, or the moon may multiply or render yet larger their phantoms, that traveller will recognise a nation which for three thousand years has repulsed the foreigner, and which yet knows how, like the ancient Druids, to erect memorial stones to its heroes."

The chapter of Froissart, which has not been included in any English edition of the old chronicler, was discovered among the manuscript collections of the Prince de Soubise, and was published in 1824 by M. Buchon. It is curious, and confirms the account of the encounter given by the ballad, with which it agrees in almost every particular. Froissart declares that he had himself seen some of the heroes of this famous fight. "Sithence, I saw, seated at the table of Charles, King of France, a Breton knight, who had been present at the conflict, Messire Yervains (Yves) Charruel; his visage was so gashed and hacked that it showed plainly enough that the affair had been well fought. There also I saw Messire Enguerrant Duedins, a good knight of Picardy, who gave like proof that he had been at the fight; and another esquire, named Hues de Rancevaux. So this action," he continues, "came to be much talked about. By some it was looked upon as of little account, by others as a marvellous feat, and of great hardihood."

It only remains for us to add that the ballad in Mr. Ainsworth's version is spirited and vigorous, though here and there somewhat rough and unmusical. Some of the stanzas have the clang of steel in them, and clash with martial music. Moreover, an antique cast is given to the poem by the translator, whose familiarity with our own ballad literature has enabled him to throw the shadows of antiquity upon his rendering.

SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS.—The Annual Dinner of the above Society was held on Thursday evening, December 8th, at Messrs. Simpson's, in the Strand, H. P. Stephenson, Esq., in the chair, when about 40 sat down to dinner. The honorary secretary, in giving a general review of the Society from its commencement, stated that it was originated in the year 1854; that in 1855 it consisted of only 20 members, and that from that date it had gradually increased in numbers, and at the present time there were upwards of 150 members belonging to the Society, and that the attendance of members at the monthly meetings had increased from 12 to 75. He also observed that the Society included civil engineers, assistants and pupils of engineers, manufacturers, and scientific men, connected collaterally with the profession; and the subscription being only the nominal sum of 10s. per annum, he anticipated an increase of numbers. At present, the Society held their ordinary meetings in the Lower Hall, Exeter Hall; but he hoped that in a few years they might be able to meet in their own house.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

No cause is helped by the application of hard names to its opponents. If the vituperation be deserved, it is still superfluous. If not, abuse is like cursing, and resembles the chickens who always come home to roost. The repeal of the corn laws would have been effected earlier, had not the impost in question been nicknamed "the bread tax." Mobs might be caught by so unfair an application, but legislators took a little more time before they could decide on a policy, the very phraseology of which was so disingenuous. We perceive that a movement is being excited just now into renewed activity, to obtain a commission for a repeal of the duty on paper; and, as a preliminary step, tracts are circulated in all directions, setting forth the mischievous consequences of "taxes upon knowledge." Now, before we add our influence to the cause so advocated, we should like to be a little better informed as to what is meant by taxes upon knowledge. A tax on bread is intelligible enough; the term becomes very perplexing when applied to a duty on foreign corn. A tax on schools or on books would be clearly enough a tax on knowledge. It is not at first clear that a tax on paper can be properly so designated. It is true that books are made of paper, but so are many other articles which are but remotely connected with knowledge. The grocers of this country use as much as the publishers, all other trades taken together as much as the grocers. At least one-third of the very books themselves are ultimately and most deservedly applied to similar purposes. Commerce employs at least as much as literature for its accounts, its book-keeping, and its correspondence; and it may be fairly stated that only one quarter of the tax raised on paper falls in reality on printed books or periodicals. The whole amount raised in the year 1858 was £1,281,023; in other words, we may say that, in round numbers, literature paid in that year in the shape of paper tax somewhat more than £300,000. We are quite willing that this sum should be remitted; it is expedient on many grounds that it should be so; but the amount is certainly not large enough to make much difference in the facility for acquiring knowledge. It would be a boon to publishers, but it could hardly reduce by any appreciable fraction the price of books.

Another question of great importance in this controversy is—what is paper? and this has been variously answered by different decisions of the law courts—conclusive for the time as to the substances adjudicated on—but not tending to give us any principles by which we may decide what is excisable and what is not. On the 20th of last April, the Court of Exchequer decided as follows: "Paper may PERHAPS be described as a manufactured substance composed of fibres adhering together, and in form consisting of sheets of various sizes, and of different thicknesses, used for writing or printing or other purposes to which flexible sheets are applicable." This was the decision of the Court of Exchequer, on the 20th of April last—but surely there must be an error in the date of this extraordinary document. It could not have been issued on any other day than the first of that month, for it is evidently calculated to stultify, in a most remarkable degree, all who are in any way affected by it. And first let us look at the word *perhaps*. Here is a decision by which excise officers

are to be guided in ascertaining what, in the eye of the law, is paper, and what is not so, and the description commences with a *perhaps*! *Perhaps* it may be a good description of the article; *perhaps* it may not. It is a decision which decides nothing; a conclusion wherein nothing is concluded. Then, in order to make this confusion worse confounded, the uses of the article are called in to aid in solving the question, whether it be excisable or not; and after giving two of such uses, the Exchequer scribe goes on to add, "or other uses to which flexible sheets are liable." Now, felt is just such a substance, and it is used to make hats, and coverings for floors, and roofs for houses; it forms flexible sheets, and though not used for "writing or printing," it is used for "other purposes." According to this sapient conclusion, *felt* must be *paper*.

Let us take another substance—pulp—parchment, or parchment made by reducing to pulp fragments of the skin of animals, and rolling out the pulp into sheets. This our Court of Exchequer has decided to be not parchment, but paper, and excisable as such. On the other hand, the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, in a case decided October 23rd, 1858, came to the conclusion that the pulp so manufactured was parchment and not paper. It would seem that all textile fabrics might be proved by the Exchequer definition to be paper—broadcloth, silk, calico, canvas; and thus we come to a *reductio ad absurdum*, which Government must accept, or contrive some other definition of paper.

But now supposing it to be settled what paper is—and that parchment, felt, scaleboard, broadcloth, canvas and calico, are excluded, the question next arises, what is to be done in order not to make the paper duty a tax on knowledge?—and it is clear that at the most, one quarter only of the present impost can be so considered. Why should not this be settled on a liberal basis—and yet one dictated by common sense? It is no unfair thing to tax the paper in which tea, sugar, butter, cheese, or even books are wrapped when sent home from the seller to the purchaser. This at all events is no tax upon knowledge. Neither can such a term be applied to the impost on the merchant's ledger or the ladies' scented and tinted note paper. A revenue must be raised from some sources, and these appear as fair as any. One thing must recommend them to a large class of politicians among us, viz., that they fall wholly on the higher and middle classes. But with regard to books and periodicals, the case is we admit somewhat different. We would willingly see a drawback granted on all paper used for such purposes, and this we think would at once meet the demand of those who call the paper duty a tax on knowledge, and at the same time would not seriously injure the revenue. We would recommend the concession not only to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as one that might gracefully be made, but also to the association whose object it is to obtain the repeal of taxes on knowledge as one with which they ought to be entirely satisfied. And now will come the ulterior inquiry, what will be gained by the repeal? We fear not much. No one imagines that a single copy of a newspaper can be sold at a smaller price through the remission of the paper duty, and the decrease in the sale of the score or the hundred could not affect the consumer. To ourselves the repeal would be a boon, but we have no expectation

of being able to reduce the price of the LITERARY GAZETTE even one halfpenny per copy. The remission would aid newspaper publishers and proprietors, booksellers, and stationers, but we do not expect that much of the money saved would go into the pockets of the public. One advantage may be gained, and this is but a slight one. At present there are certain cheap papers, printed on poor, thin, and bad paper; they are difficult to read, and are never preserved. Were their proprietors able to obtain a drawback on the paper which they employ, they would use the same kind as that on which the higher-class journals are printed, and would probably considerably increase a circulation already extremely large. Still the only benefit to the public would be that they would get these penny papers in a more agreeable form.

We shall not enter into this consideration further. We have, we think, indicated the best way to relieve literature without causing any serious falling off in the revenue.

Another form of tax which is frequently adduced as a tax upon knowledge is that on houses or places used for educational, literary, and scientific purposes. We should not allude to this were it not that the mode which the Government has adopted of relieving knowledge from imposts forms a perfectly available precedent for that which we recommend with regard to paper.

In fact, here the remedy was so plain and obvious that it was impossible to fail seeing it. No one could say, remit the house and assessed taxes, because they occasionally and incidentally fall heavily on scientific and literary institutions. The proper mode of proceeding was at once evident—buildings used solely for such purposes were exempted from the operation of the tax, and each particular case was judged of upon its own merits. In no country can knowledge be said to be less taxed than in England, and if the remission which we recommend be accorded, it may then be fairly said to be freed from all taxes whatever.

NEW NOVELS.

The Day of Small Things. By the Author of "Mary Powell," One Vol. (Hall, Virtue, & Co.)

WE confess to a great admiration for the works of Miss Channell, and are always ready to greet them with a warm welcome. Her shrewd appreciation of men and things, her genial nature, and her deep-thoughtedness, are apparent in every tale she writes. "Mary Powell," above all, has a nook in our book-case whence it can conveniently be withdrawn at odd moments of leisure, and where it is never replaced without regret. In "The Day of Small Things," we find many evidences of the lady's peculiar powers, but we are nevertheless compelled to confess that as a whole it has disappointed us. It is one of those books of which we turn over page after page, pleasantly and even profitably, but when the volume is closed we have arrived at no climax whatever; and we feel that this work might have been carried on in the same desultory manner to an indefinite length without involving any difficulty, or evolving any plot. This is decidedly a blemish, and betrays a paucity of invention altogether unworthy of the gifted author. It may be, and undoubtedly is, very charming to find one's path enamelled with flowers, bright with sunshine, and vocal with the songs of birds; but we nevertheless look to reach our goal at last, and this is precisely what, in the present instance, Miss Channell has not permitted us to do. A tame Christmas family party terminating a volume of 236 pages, cannot but prove unsatisfactory and disappointing to the reader; and the rather that, during the progress of the book, we are constantly

coming upon incidents which lead us to anticipate some interesting result. Witness the episode of the Ringwoods, which prepares us for a domestic tragedy, and which simply ends by the worthy gentleman letting his house for a few months, in order that his weak and untidy wife may pass the season at the sea-side; and the case which we have here instanced, may be accepted as an example of the entire machinery of the book. Just as we begin to imagine that we have made acquaintance with the several characters, they fade from us like the figures of a phantasmagoria, and leave nothing tangible behind them. It is because we have so high and so legitimate an opinion of this lady's talent, that we have felt ourselves called upon to expatiate thus largely upon a "short coming" which we confess is to us incomprehensible; and we are almost led to fear that the work must have been produced during a season of mental or physical suffering, a fact which none would regret more sincerely than ourselves. In the aggregate then, we have shown that we do not consider "The Day of Small Things" worthy of its author's reputation; but taking it in detail we find scattered over its pages passages of extraordinary beauty and pathos. Mrs. Cleverlove, the assumed author of the diary, is a charming creature, a confirmed invalid, purified and almost spiritualised by her sufferings, and thoroughly working out the motto which adorns the title page of the volume:

"Young and old all brought their troubles,
Small and great, for me to hear;
I have often bled 'till my sorrow,
That drew others' grief so near."

Quite in Miss Channell's old and admirable vein too, are the following reflections: "We must not despise the day of small things. Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, effect something at last. Grains of sand buried the Sphinx."

"I have sometimes puzzled myself about the much-voiced question, 'Should we try to do good in the world at large, before we have done all the good that needs to be done at home?' There is a great cry got up against Mrs. Jellaby, and other pseudo-representatives of a class whose sympathies are widely engaged; and so much has been said about 'charity' beginning at home, and charity that ends there," that one gets rather perplexed. The Bishop of Oxford has, I think, lately settled the question. He said, "Our Saviour foresaw and provided against it, by dispersing His disciples far and wide, while yet much remained to be done in Jerusalem." Here is a guide, then, for us: we may do all the good we can, far and wide, even though we should be disappointed nearer home, or even in our homes, of doing all the good we wish.

"A pennyworth of putty and a pennyworth of paint," said a nobleman, in the last century, "would make my countess as handsome as any at court." Certes, a pennyworth of putty and a pennyworth of paint, or something equivalent, will often go far towards making a house look tidy and respectable. But, in Mrs. Ringwood's domains, if *poco più* is sadly wanting. A man may laugh at an Irish waiter who confidentially whispers to him, as he hands him his venison, that "there is no current jelly on the sideboard, but plenty of lobster-sauce," but he will not endure it from his wife.

"We speak of the merry month of May, and why not of the merry month of December? Well, there is an answer to that question; but, before I give it, I will consider what may be said on the bright side. True it is, that many of nature's processes are now veiled from human sight; but not less true is it that they are secretly progressing. The seed-corn is garnered in the earth; the earth itself in many spots is sweetening; the leafless trees are preparing to burst into verdure next spring; and had we power to observe what is going on in their secret vessels, how much should we find to delight and surprise us! what multitudes of contrivances of which we have no knowledge, and even too delicate and complex to be comprehended! Meanwhile, many of the trees, when unlopped, have forms so beautiful as to present a delicate tracery, reminding one of black lace (though that is a miserable comparison), when seen in the distance against the clear grey sky. There is little to do in the field; but the flail resounds noisily within the barn; and the horses and cattle enjoy the comfortable warmth of the straw-yard. Then, within-doors, how snug and sociable is the fire-side! How the solitary enjoy the book, and the domestic party the long talks they had no leisure for in the summer! Christmas is coming; and is not that season proverbially merry, save where there is some sad domestic bereavement or affliction? How gay the shops are! with winter fabrics, and warm furs, and brilliant ribbons; with jolly sirloins, plump poultry, heaps of golden oranges, rosy apples, and all kinds of winter fruit! How gladly we think that the young folks will soon come home for the holidays! . . . Dearly do schoolboys love a hard winter, because it brings sliding, and skating, and snow-balling in its train. Is not December, then, a merry month? Well, there is a reverse to the picture. In the first place, we poor, creaky invalids feel his cold touch in

every joint, and at every shortening breath drawn from our wheezing chests, and very early in the month get shut up by the peremptory doctor; unless, indeed, we are too poor to be laid aside from the active toil that wins daily bread. Let the invalid with every comfort around her, think of those who have neither warm fires nor warm clothing, nor warm bedding, nor warm food. See their sad, pinched faces, shrinking forms, chilblained hands, and ill-protected feet; think of their desolate dwellings, where the rain drops through the roof, where the broken pane is stuffed with rags, and where, for many hours, daily, no fire burns on the hearth; and then refuse them sympathy and aid if you are not of the same flesh and blood, children of the same Creator! Oh, the time is drawing near when we may indeed warm our own hearts by warming the bodies of others! by putting shoes with warm stockings on bare feet, thick tweed on shoulders, and flannel on chests, coals in the grate, and wholesome, nourishing food on the table! Here is our encouragement—'And thou shalt be blessed: for they cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'"

We regret that we have no further room for extract, or we could multiply pleasant passages like these, *ad infinitum*; but we must not conclude our notice of the work without remarking upon the high moral tone by which it is pervaded, and the admirable lessons of self-government and self-denial that it inculcates.

Against Wind and Tide. By Holme Lee, author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," &c. &c. Three Vols. (Smith & Elder.)

THE new publishing season has commenced auspiciously; and the novel now before us is by many degrees the best specimen of fiction that has been placed in our hands. With much of the terseness and vigour of "Adam Bede," it has a refinement which we do not find in that very clever work, and a combined knowledge of the world and insight into character, which renders the tale startlingly real and life-like. The plot, although involved, unravels itself in a masterly manner, and there are delicious little bits of prose poetry scattered through the pages which makes our breath come quicker, and our pulses throb. Who could calmly read the following passage?

"They buried Lillian one showery February afternoon in the pretty little churchyard where Robert's mother lay—only a sod divided the two graves. The service over, priest and people gone, Robert, in a stupor of sorrow, flung himself beside it bitterly weeping. To leave her—her whom his love could never guard too tenderly—alone in the rain and the cold, alone with the heavy earth upon her breast,—ah! it was cruel, cruel! How sweet, how lovely, how gentle, she had been! how good and thoughtful always for others, how most dear and precious of all to him! No more sweet kisses, no more soft, loving, petulant words; where the sunshine of her youth and happiness had been, nothing more for ever but a cold, blank silence."

"He had a dream that night, in which he saw her as he saw her once long ago, gathering posies in Lady Leigh's garden; she had a child by one hand, and a great heap of many-hued blossoms gathered up in the other arm; her face was happy, and she went on step by step culling others, until he lost sight of her in a thick grove, where he thought he could hear her begin to sing as she disappeared. Every sense stretched towards the voice dying in the distance, he awoke—awoke to find himself alone, and no sound but the waves breaking on the shore in the gray of the morning. He sprang up and went away to look at the grave again, and found it covered with a white frost. Oh! could the pure spirit in heaven hear the sad outcry of his bereaved heart?"

"What sorrow was like this sorrow, what loss like this loss? His whole life stripped of its joy! If the passionate grief overcame the long obedience, the One who has tasted human suffering and carried the remembrance of it to heaven will plead his pardon; it is not for us, weak, less tried, or less feeling, to condemn such anguish as a blind rebellion. God knows, and only God must judge!"

"Everything in his vision had taken a strange dimness and unreality: death often spreads this veil between us and life, while the first solemnity of his visit is upon us; and how hard and repulsive are the outlines of our existence when it is withdrawn! Robert went back to see Brisk looking over the garden hedge from his paddock for the bits of bread Lillian used to send him out at breakfast time; to see a sheaf of letters lying on the table; to hear that Dr. Warley had stopped on his way to a patient to inquire after him; to see, in fact, the life that was yet to be lived already claiming him from the life that was closed. He fed the pony, which pressed its head against his arm, and turned its wilful eye towards the window for the pretty face that was not peeping out at him any more; he glanced over his letters (one of them contained tidings of the sudden death of Lady Leigh), and read one or two without any impression of their sense; he ate his tasteless meal, and thought of the day that was before him."

"In all the vigour, courage, and beauty of his being, his days scarcely at their meridian, and yet all their inexpressible grace and charm gone, the future stretched long before him, but the hopes that once he had woven about it were all vanished like the bright dew from the

morning grass. In this future he would nobly bear his part, toiling and waiting and looking forward; but it had no more sweet scenes of happy love, no sunny hours of perfect content, where he could wish the day to stand still. He knew what he had lost, and felt it in all its intense bitterness."

The contrasted characters of the twin brothers are as ably limned as those of Hogarth's two apprentices, and we follow the fortune of each to its goal with the same feeling of its moral fitness and justice. What can be more comprehensive than the comments of the long enduring lodging-housekeeper of the starving spendthrift:

"When young men fall so low as he'd done, their pride makes 'em shy of telling their friends," said Mrs. Mawson. "Besides, they're always hoping that something lucky will turn up to right them, though it rarely does. I've a gentleman in my drawing-room who hasn't paid me a penny since Christmas, but whose own people are quite quiet, as I can tell by the letters he gets and sends away. But he is worse off, to my thinking, than many a poor fellow who can earn sixpence by holding a gentleman's horse, or by running on a message. There's other folks pined and hungry besides them that stand in rags at the street corners, and offer you three bundles of matches for a penny. All the respectable lodging-house keepers could tell you that; and, for my part, I almost pity genteel poor folks most."

One more charming extract, and we will venture upon no further development of the contents of the book, which treats of high and low life with equal ability; for we are greatly mistaken if the few glimpses of its matter and manner which we shall have thus afforded to our readers will not suffice to render them eager to peruse the whole. We more than sincerely—we critically—recommend to each and all the admirably constructed and gracefully written tale, "Against Wind and Tide."

"There was a statuary's work-shop abutting on a corner of the church-yard which she had to pass in going to her father's, where people who wanted monuments for their deceased friends went to choose the design. The statuary was a merry little old man, who always whistled as he chipped, and had a store of queer, *grace* anecdotes for his gossip—and his gossips were many, for everybody who took the short cut across the churchyard was obliged to pass his corner."

"Lilian often stopped to speak to him, and one sunny morning during this tragical period she paused and looked in; seeing him at his work and alone."

"A fine morning, Miss Lillian; what think you to this idea? I call it a very sweet idea, indeed! cried he, briskly, nodding at her and pointing to the piece of pure white marble, on which he was labouring. Lillian approached nearer and saw a lily, broken from the stem, sculptured on the top. 'What should you say to such a stone as this for yourself, now?' asked the statuary, with his head on one side, and his sharp little eyes turned up to her face. 'It is the neatest thing I ever set my chisel to.'"

"For whom is it, John?"

"It is for that daughter of Dean Mauleverer, Rose Mary Mauleverer. I've got the inscription in my pocket-book now; taking it out and reading off in a solemn sing-song: 'In Memory of Rose Mary, youngest daughter of William Mauleverer, D.D., Dean of Walton Minster, who died April 27, 1822, aged nineteen years.' 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"Now you would say that was in a real pious spirit, wouldn't you, miss?" asked he, sinking his voice confidentially; "but I'll tell you what it seems to me—it seems a laying of our own hardness to the Lord's account—that's what it seems to me. The old man's sorry now, but he should have let her have her way—no good ever comes of crossing young folk's fancies. You will have heard the story, I dare say, miss?"

"Yes, Lillian had heard; in fact, Lady Leigh had quoted it to her as an instance of the headstrong folly of a girl in love; she would rather die than profess to give up the curate, whom the dean disapproved—the curate who, thirty years after she was in her grave, came to the dignity of bishop! But how could the dean foresee that? The curate had only scholarship and fine personal qualities, no money, no family connections to push him, no rank, no anything but himself—and a dean's daughter must marry something more than a man!"

"I've seen her," said old John, touching the flower delicately with his hand; "I've seen her many a time standing just where you are standing now, as bright and pretty a little girl as there was in all the town. She was a bit of a favourite of mine—I have my favourites like other folks, Miss Lillian—and her it did me good to see. Then sometimes Mr. Wilson would come along and speak to her here: he could see her from his window at his lodgings by your father's when she stood at my door, and it is my belief he made an errand out on purpose often—bless you, I know."

"It is a pretty design, John," said Lillian, abstractedly; "who chose it?"

"The strange thing, miss! she chose it herself. She was talking here to me one evening last summer, and says she, 'John, did you ever carve a broken lily on a young girl's tombstone?' and says I, 'No.' 'Then do the first time you have such a commission. I saw one on a monument abroad, and I thought it a beautiful fancy,' says she. And so when the dean came to choose her a stone, I told him what she had said; and he nodded to me to carry it out."

Bentley Priory. By Mrs. Hastings Parker. Three vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is a very pretty novel: a very pretty novel, indeed. It is like a sheet of gauze-paper, fine, smooth, and flimsy. There is not, however, much to get through, each page consisting only of nineteen lines, an arrangement with which we have no inclination to cavil, although we have been forcibly reminded of one of the many literary trials of Alexandre Dumas, during which, having been called upon to explain the reason why he, the said Alexandre, had failed in his contract with a certain publisher to furnish a given amount of fiction within a stated time, the hundred-horsepower novelist pleaded that he had forfeited no engagement of the kind, having, from conscientious motives, refused the offer which had been made to him, and which consisted of a franc a line. "I represented to him," said the author of "Monte Christo," "that such a proposal left him too much at my mercy; as, should I see fit to do so, I could work out a line, not merely in two or three words, but even in one. 'Allons, mon cher,' 'Soyez, bon enfant,' and, at a pinch, a bare 'Oui' or 'Non' might serve my turn, which I could not but consider would be somewhat overpaid at twenty sous." We quite agree with him. Not that we profess to imagine that Mrs. Hastings Parker has disposed of "Bentley Priory" upon similar terms; but that she has been less scrupulous towards the English public—or, rather, towards that portion of it into whose hands her novel may chance to fall—than her Gallic contemporary towards the *bibliophile* who trusted to his good faith. We have in her pages of nineteen lines a multiplicity which are composed of: "Oh, yes," "And why not?" "For the season, eh?" "Yes," "Any one there now?" "Quite," "And Sir William?" "You sing, I daresay;" nor is this the most crying sin of the book, for we are inundated with bald snips of Italian without point or purpose, almost every character that it contains indulging in the absurdity of "Caro," "Carina," "La bella Italia," "Mille grazie," and, as the author would say, *tutti quanti*; all this is bad enough, mere fiddle-faddle which might have looked very learned and elegant fifty years ago; but our age is one of progression, and we throw aside our vocabulary when we have done with it. Once, and only once, Mrs. Hastings Parker appears to have been transiently awakened to a sense of the absurdity of her polyglot performances, as we judge from the following passage:—

"Buon giorno, carina. Come stai?" said she, with the little bit of Italian with which her language was always tessellated. (What would Johnson say could he listen to the hedge-podge into which our pure Saxon is degenerating?)

Say, my dear madam?—why, that he sincerely rejoiced to know that so vicious and vulgar a habit as that in which you have caused all your principal characters to indulge, never did, and never can, obtain among rational and well-bred persons; and, meanwhile, we quite agree with you that "hedge-podge" is consequently a very fitting and sufficiently elegant term by which to designate twaddle so inconsistent and so senseless.

As regards the subject-matter of these three volumes, we have a great deal of love, a great deal of opera, *déjeuners dansants*, balls, and flirtations; innumerable references to the *Court Journal* and the *Morning Post*; honourable mention duly made of Hancock the jeweller, and Isidore the coiffeur; a presentation at court; the hundredth-time told tale of the Carnival at Rome, but we regret to say not one new idea. The "silver-fork" phase of the book is consistent enough; indeed, it is "silver-gilt" throughout; but the plot, such as it is, is miserably mismanaged. The author commences by presenting to our acquaintance a species of admirable Crichton, who was originally beyond all mistake intended for her hero; but whether "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream," or that she found the gentleman unmanageable in her hands, she suddenly veers round and renders him an object of intense contempt, a heartless, shallow, self-idolising male coquette, who terminates his butterfly career by marrying the sister of the heroine, whose heart he

has almost broken by his inveterate egotism. Then the heroine herself, having been induced to receive and to accept a second lover, towards whom she begins with the "little aversion," which, we are told, rarely fails to grow into a softer feeling, runs a sad risk of losing him in his turn by the abstraction of her private journal by two foreign servants, who forward it to the enamoured suitor, thereby causing him to resign all claim to her hand, the daily detail of her passion for another proving unpalatable to his taste. He leaves England in a huff, bequeathing to her the practical lesson that young ladies in love should not keep diaries. As the book draws to a close, it is, however, necessary that a reconciliation should be effected, which is accordingly brought about in a very peculiar manner. The unlucky journal was, as we have stated, the sole cause of Lord Errington's estrangement from Miss Emily Marston, and while he is still "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," he accidentally sees the "ambiguously worded" paragraph in the *Morning Post*, by which the public are informed that the flirting Mr. Mandeville has led to the hymeneal altar "the beautiful and accomplished Miss Marston." He, poor man, knows nothing of the sister brought up by a maiden aunt, and at once concludes that his angelic Emily has forgotten him in two short years, when he is suddenly undeceived—they meet—and he, most conveniently forgetting all about the fatal diary, and the uncomfortable truths which it betrayed, opens his arms to his long-lost love, who receives his embrace with equal ardour, and they become man and wife. We have nothing more to add, save that those who are partial to light reading will find "Bentley Priory" very light reading indeed.

SHORT NOTICES.

Sam Slick's Wise Sayings and Modern Instances; or, what he said, did, and invented. (Hurst & Blackett.) Roving, prying, flirting, gossiping Sam has turned up again, this time as a kind of amateur "Salt," talking ship with fishing captains, and teaching them more of their trade than they knew before, even giving the veteran Blowhard additional wrinkles, and taking the rise out of Old Sarsaparilla Pills by his superior knowledge of simples. For it is Sam's property to know something about everything, and to be able to beat every player at his own weapons. Sam is not a whit changed. Soft sawder and human natur' form his principal stock in trade now, as they did fifteen years ago, when he was first a travelling Yankee clockmaker, lecturing the Blue Noses on their ill-nature, and trying to indoctrinate them with his own more stirring views of life. Since then Sam has moved in polite circles; he has become an *attaché*, has dined with lords and ladies; confounded aristocratic high breeding with Yankee 'cuteness; and flabbergasted learned nobles by Slickville impudence clothing Slickville ignorance; he has met the great Danel—Webster, not O'Connell—and, in his own rich vernacular, has had his corns cut by him; for he attempted to teach that great leader and teacher of his nation; he set himself to shine, lead, and extinguish, and was brought down a considerable number of pegs in consequence. Yet Sam's motto is to learn, and he does not disdain any lesson, let who will be the schoolmaster; so he takes his setting down with his customary equanimity, and makes a moral profit out of it for his own future well-being. He manages, though, to make his modesty as racy as his impudence, and notwithstanding he is beaten, he comes out with banners flying and trumpets playing, for all the world like a first-rate conqueror. Sam is in general a provoking and most audacious flirt. He makes love to all the "splendiferous gals" and "comely heifers" he meets with; goes just to the verge of committing himself by a declaration, or an indiscretion, when prudence, reserve, or, it may be, accident, steps in between, and illustrates the old adage of the cup and the lip, and the slip that comes in between, much to his own discomfiture and the naïve disappointment of the fair one implicated. In this volume

though, he seems really caught; and pretty Sophy, the witch of Eskisoon, does not appear very loth to be the catcher. We are left in doubt as to the issue of the wooing, or whether there is to be any real love-making after all; as Sam would say, we're kinder puzzled if the courtin' will ever eventuate into marryin'; but perhaps his friend the Squire—Judge Halliburton to the world at large—will be pleased to solve this problem for us; write a sequel, tell us how his hero concludes his charming little episode, and say whether Sophy and sister Sal put up their hosses together at Slickville, and make the Yankee Clockmaker a kinder comfortable sort of hum or no. Perhaps soft-sawder and human natur' will carry Sam safely through the trial.

Sam is an artist. See how charmingly he paints the beautiful witch, as she sits on the grass by the river, with her new-made adorer at her feet, losing his heart by rapid inches, but never losing his head so far as to cease to be critical and observant:

"Well," says I, and I rested agin on my elbow, and looked up into her beautiful face—for there's no way a gall looks so pretty as when in that position. If they have to look up to you, it kinder causes them to throw the head back, opens the eyes too wide, and covers the whole face with strong light. Half the beauty, and more nor half the expression is lost. Besides, the neck is apt to look cordy. When they look down, the eyelashes fall, and the eye is better shaped, more oval, less round, and is more liquid. The beautiful bow-shape of the mouth shows better, the ringlets hang graceful, and there's shades here and there in the face that sets it off grand. Noddin' ever looks prettier in glare. That's the advantage in paintin'. It makes one know what he couldn't larn without it. My clocks have ben the makin' of me, that's a fact. Dambin' figures on 'em set me to study drawin' and paintin', and that made me study natur'. An artist has more than two eyes, that's a fact. 'Sophy,' says I, ' afore I go, I must try and take you, just as you now sit.'

And is not this the whole art and mystery of successful love-making compressed into a paragraph? Is not this a pocket Ovid, and a lesson from Rarey into the bargain?

"Well, says I to myself, confound the thing, Sam, you didn't make no great headway nuther, did you, tho' you did go it pretty strong? Thinks I again, you haven't had no great experience in these matters, Sam, and that's just where you made the mistake. You went at it too strong. Courtin' a gall, I guess, is like catchin' a young horse in the pasture. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and soft-sawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, wanders off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious agin, ready for a go if you are rough. Well, you soft-sawder it all the time,—so-so, pet! gently, pet! that's a pretty doll! and it gets to kind a like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hindfeet at you, and off like a shot.

"That comes of being in a hurry. Now, if you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawn away, as much as to say, Hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you; the chance is you would have caught it. Well, what's your play now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares a critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, Cope, cope, cope! and it stops, looks at you, and comes up agin, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grams, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now what do you do then? Why shake the pan, and move slowly, as if you were goin' to leave the pasture and make for hum; when it repents of bein' so distrustful, comes up, and you slips the halter on.

"Now more nor half of all that work is lost by bein' in too big a hurry. That's just the case with Sophy. You showed her the halter too soon, and it skeered her. I see it all now, as plain as a new floor-board, says I. It stands to natur'. Put one strange horse in a pasture, and another in the next one, and arter a while they will go to the fence, and like as not when they look over at each other snap and bite as cross as anythin'; as much as to say, You keep your side and I'll keep mine. I never saw you before, and I don't like your looks. Arter an hour or so, they will go and look at each other agin; and that time they won't bite, but they breath together, and rub their heads together, and at last do the friendly by brashin' the flies from each other's neck. Arter that, there is a treaty of peace signed, and they turn to and knock the fence down (for it's very lonely to feed in a field by oneself), and go wanderin' about showin' each other the best grass. Yes, Sophy, I see where I missed a figure; and if I remain of the same mind as I am now, see if I don't slip the halter round your neck before you know where you be. Or say I can't catch a hoss or a gall, that's all."

Who could not win the finest girl in all America after that is unfit to win the meanest, and so must be content to "take the mitten" whenever he makes a grasp at the hand. Imbedded in the fun and raciness of the book are anecdotes and

scenes of deep, almost tragic interest; as, for instance, that story of the house where no hope was, with the downcast, proud, unserviceable man, eating out his own heart for despondency and pride, and the poor, wan, careworn woman, the wreck of the former wealthy belle, who endures her pains and poverty so bravely, and makes the best show before strangers that she can. The whole episode is one of lofty purpose, and of deeply painful interest. For, indeed, the tragic element always seems so much more tragic when it comes in under the cap and bells. This is according to human nature too, and the law of the exaggeration of contrasts. What sermon could improve on the pithy excellence of this?

"'Work,' said I, followin' up that jibe; 'airn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be. Work and see how well you will be. Work and see how cheerful you will be. Work and see how independent you will be. Work and see how happy your family will be. Work and see how religious you will be, for before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy.'"

And the conclusion is as good as all the rest:

"'After all, I had to use that word hope; and I believe it must actually be kept a little longer in the dictionary, in spite of all prejudice for such poor devils as Peter Potter. It is a dark room that has no ray of light in it. Hope is a slender reed for a stout man to lean on, but it's strong enough, I do suppose, for them that's infirm of mind and purpose. The houses hope builds are castles in the air. The houses of the wretched, who are altogether without hope, are too dismal to live in. A slight infusion of hope may be prescribed in bad cases; but strong doses weaken the mind, loosen the morals, and destroy the happiness of those who indulge in them. The true rule is, perhaps, not to let hope build a house for you, or to live with you in it; but he might come to visit you sometimes, to cheer you up a little, by talking pleasant, and getting you to look on the bright side of things, when you are in a solember mood. Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a traveller's companion, but he is not the man for your banker.'"

The Clockmaker had not gone about the world speculating on mankind and dealing in wise saws for nothing. He has always a serviceable stock on hand, ready to be used on the first occasion, and a knack of putting people to rights which never thoroughly offends; though to be sure it does sometimes rile the explosive and excitable. Witness, Old Blowhard, with his delicate "persuader" in his fist, and his inconvenient faculty of hitting first, and hearing reason afterwards. Old Blowhard is an excellent character. The good-hearted, hot-headed, uncontrolled, explosive old savage that he is, with his heart of butter and his fist of iron, even he is tamed, played with, instructed, and subdued by Our Sam, and takes his handling as meekly as Cruiser took Rarey's, ambling and trotting, and kneeling at command, and, in a word, "knuckling under" to the fullest possible extent. Talk of Van Amberg with his lions, why he was nothing to Sam Slick with Old Blowhard, the mackerel captain, and inventor of the patent Blowhard jigger into the bargain! It is not our custom to say much of re-issues or new editions, but the Clockmaker is too important a person to be passed over with only ordinary notice, and coming to us as he now does, with the *prestige* attending an *attaché* of an "Ambassador," we must treat him with even more than ordinary politeness, and extend to him paragraphs where to others we should give only sentences. Judge Haliburton opened a rich vein when he struck upon the idea of Sam Slick; but as all things must have an end at last, we would respectfully intimate that a real, good, downright Yankee marriage with pretty Sophy, would be the best possible extinguisher to the Clockmaker's light, and the most satisfactory way of abandoning the claim, and leaving the old diggings for ever. We look forward with great expectation to this natural conclusion, this only legitimate issue for the great apostle of soft sawder and human nature.

Report on the Eligibility of Milford Haven for Ocean Steamers and for a Naval Arsenal. By Thomas Page, Civil Engineer. This is a very elaborate document, which comes most opportunely before the public at a time when naval questions command the chief attention of all who desire that English commercial and maritime superiority should be maintained. Mr. Page has

furnished us with a treatise on modern projectiles, scientific gunnery, naval warfare, and a host of collateral subjects that have to be considered in determining the value of various ports, and he succeeds most completely in establishing the claims of Milford Haven as in many respects the best harbour for commercial or warlike purposes. In point of size, Milford is greatly superior to any other harbour we possess, the comparative high water areas being, according to Mr. Page: "Milford, 7778 acres; Dover (if made), 651 acres; Portland, 1715 acres; Plymouth, 2361 acres; Holyhead, 358 acres; Kingstown, 235 acres." Milford has also the advantage of being accessible at all states of the tide, in all weathers, and is thus clearly entitled to be a chief port, and not a mere harbour of refuge for other ports. By the express trains of the South Wales Railway, Milford is brought within $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours distance from London, and 38 additional miles of railway beyond what is already sanctioned would complete its communication with Manchester and the midland towns. In point of proximity to New York, Milford or Pembroke stands next to Galway, the distances being—Galway to New York, 2731 nautical miles, requiring 10 days, 8 hours, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, at 11 knots an hour: Liverpool to New York, 3013 miles, requiring 11 days, 9 hours, 55 minutes: Southampton, 3069, requiring 11 days, 15 hours: Pembroke, 2893 miles, requiring 10 days, 23 hours. According to this calculation, Pembroke has an advantage over Southampton of 176 nautical miles, equal to 16 hours, and allowing in both cases time for landing and passage to London, Mr. Page shows a balance of 11 hours in favour of Milford. Galway is 162 miles nearer New York than Milford; but, after allowing the time for landing, getting to St. George's Channel, crossing it and travelling to London, it appears that, under favourable circumstances, there would be a small balance of time in favour of Milford, and a considerable one in stormy weather, when the passage to Holyhead would be prolonged. In case of war, Milford would offer great advantages to commercial vessels, as they would avoid the risks of coast navigation with its chances of attack, and when in port would be so land-locked as to be secure from long range shells. Portsmouth, Devonport, and Keyham harbours are all within from 1 mile to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of deep water, and could easily be shelled unless protected by a fleet; but Pembroke lies 8 miles from the sea, and with good batteries at the entrance of the harbour might be rendered quite safe. Moreover, as Milford is not far from the Welsh collieries, coal could be put on board vessels cheaper than at any of the other large ports on the southern or western coasts. These are the principal arguments adduced by Mr. Page, and they fairly establish his point. It appears that the Admiralty are perfectly well aware of the importance of Milford as a naval station, but are quite willing that a large and convenient space should be employed for commercial purposes, and such an enterprise would offer a useful field for joint-stock company exertion. We recommend Mr. Page's report to the consideration of all whom the subject concerns, and, in taking leave of it, borrow a comforting statement of the present strength of the English and French navies, which he has compiled from the latest authorities. *England:* Sailing navy, 63 ships, 2466 guns; steam navy, 384 ships, 9553 guns; total, 447 vessels, 12,019 guns, and 89,814 horse power. *France:* Sailing navy, 118 ships, 3846 guns; steam navy, 132 ships, 4941 guns; total, 250 vessels, carrying 8787 guns, and 53,105 horse-power. In this calculation, 99 English ships with 3909 guns are omitted as non-effective, although many of them could be used for local defences. It is however very difficult to determine the relative value of existing vessels until they have been tried in action, and not improbable that the big ships on both sides will be little better than floating slaughter-houses, quite incapable of resisting smaller vessels, armed with improved weapons and protected against the ordinary effects of shot. But, however these questions may be settled, we must have good and safe harbours, proportioned to our enormous trade.

On the Further Application of the Coinage to the Common Numerical Scale. By John Tozer, M.A., LL.D. (Cambridge University Press.) We are glad to find the question of decimal coinage again exciting attention. Dr. Tozer's contribution to its solution consists in recommending that the pound shall be divided into 100 cents; that accounts should be kept in pounds and cents, using half cents if, as would certainly be the case, the cent should be found too large for the smallest sum recognised in commercial transactions. He proposes to coin cents, half-cents, and mites equal to one-fifth of a penny, and gradually withdraw the sixpence, fourpence, threepence, and ultimately the penny piece circulation. According to this system the mite would be worth one-twelfth of a cent, and his object in introducing it would be to enable the penny to co-exist with decimal coins. When the public were familiar with the system, he would withdraw it in favour of the mil. We doubt very much the effects of such a system, as it would give the public as much trouble to accommodate their transactions to it as to a more perfect one, and we object to the introduction of any fresh coin not intended to be permanent. Besides, Mr. Tozer makes too great a distinction between what he calls mercantile accounts and chandlers' accounts. A decimal coinage ought to be applicable to all mercantile transactions, and the small coin forming the second column in accounts should be low enough for the lowest bids that are taken at commercial sales of raw produce. There is no harm in the lowest coin of account being lower than this, because merchants and brokers could easily agree to take that multiple of it which approached nearest the halfpenny, which is their ordinary minimum in selling goods by weight, but it would frustrate the advantage of the decimal system if articles were ordinarily sold at prices which could only be represented with the help of fractions.

On Wages, Trades' Unions, and Strikes. By Adam Black, Esq., M.P. (Lockwood & Co.) That strikes are a great social evil no one will deny, and we are glad to find Mr. Black equally inclined to blame a "lock out" on the part of the masters; but he must excuse us for thinking that these difficult questions require far more elucidation than he has afforded in his well-intentioned lecture. He entirely omits reference to the numerous strikes which have succeeded, and makes far too indiscriminate an attack upon trades' unions, which are very unfairly described by the *Edinburgh Review* as "commanding a fund of 300,000*l.*, destined chiefly for the support of strikes." Many rules in restraint of trade no doubt exist in these societies, and the sooner the working classes can be educated out of protectionist theories the better it will be for all parties; but it is neither just nor wise to ignore the advantages of combinations which provide for numberless contingencies to which the life of the workman is exposed. That there are also cases in which trade organisations are worked tyrannously we do not doubt; but it is fair to describe their rules as contrived for the benefit of the idle and dissolute, to represent their actions as constituting a slavery from which the working classes would like to be delivered? The associations are voluntary. The formation of rules and the election of officers is managed by universal suffrage. If the action of these societies proved as onerous as their opponents pretend, they would not continue to be successful, and have so many enrolled members and such large funds at command. A few years ago, the engineers made an unfortunate and ill-advised strike, which led the employers to endeavour to break up their association, which they tried to replace by one managed according to their own pattern, but the result was that the Amalgamated Society of Engineers grew more powerful than ever, and, according to a report before us, enrolled 894 new members in the year 1857. At the beginning of 1858 they had 14,299 members, and we believe their numbers are now considerably larger. With such facts before us, it is evident that these organisations are popular; and after carefully reading the rules of several, we must say

that they are far from deserving indiscriminate censure. Mr. Black speaks of the inquisitorial character of their proceedings, but it should be remembered that they are insurance companies providing against peculiar risks and only able to protect themselves against fraud by exercising great vigilance. Thus it would be impossible for them to pay sickness allowances unless they were satisfied that the sickness was real, and not brought on by criminal proceedings, or to make allowances to men out of work without investigating whether it was their own fault or not. If these checks were not in force the idle and unworthy members of a trade would live, so long as they lasted, upon the funds destined to relieve real and honest distress. As an example of the rules of a society that Mr. Black alludes to, let us take sec. 4, rule 17, of the Amalgamated Engineers. It provides that:

"Any free or non-free member losing his employment through drunkenness or disorderly conduct, shall not be entitled to donation until he has again been in employment two months at his own trade at the average rate of wages of the shop he may be working at. Any member being convicted of dishonest practices by a court of justice, or a committee of the branch to which he belongs, shall be excluded."

By another section of rule 21:

"If any member be seen intoxicated while receiving sick relief from the Society, and it be proved to a committee or branch meeting, he shall forfeit one week's sick allowance."

There are many other regulations which tend to maintain the respectability of the trade, and by which the employers' interest is protected as well as that of the society. There is of course much in Mr. Black's lecture we agree with, but it is one-sided, and we cannot wonder that it should have caused irritation in the minds of the working classes. If Mr. Black had not permitted himself to be biased against the men, they would have been more likely to listen to him where he is undoubtedly right and they undoubtedly wrong. It is to be regretted that we have no accurate statistics of strikes, and it would be exceedingly useful if particulars were collected and published of all that in future occur. We believe many strikes occur from the absence of proper human and Christian relations between the employers and the employed, and the readiness with which vulgar men of wealth treat with rudeness any workman who has, or fancies he has, a grievance to complain of. When officers do their duty, regiments have few punishments, and when capitalists do theirs, few quarrels occur.

Fischel's German Reading Book. Third Edition. This is an admirable work, the foot notes very clear and useful. It will run through many editions.

Pearls of Shakspeare. Illustrated by Kenny Meadows. (Cassell & Co.) The "Pearls of Shakspeare" are further in the title-page explained to be "A Collection of the most brilliant passages found in his plays." There is a great difference in the merits of the illustrations: some are good, others very bad; and Mr. Kenny Meadows has not done justice to his reputation. The volume is nicely got up, and handsomely bound, and will lie very well on the drawing-room table.

The Christian Chaplet. (Religious Tract Society.) A nice book, containing nice chromo-lithographs, especially those of an architectural description. The reading is of course cheerful, healthy, and generally sedate.

The Natives of India. By the Rev. George Trevor, M.A. (Religious Tract Society.) A good book, but so thoroughly a class production that its value is considerably lessened. Mr. Trevor was chaplain on the Madras establishment, and therefore writes of what he knows; but he even lays it down in his preface that "no political or financial reforms can be compared in urgency with the indispensable obligation of the subjugation of the vast and varied population of India to the sceptre of Christ." In the first place the word "subjugation" is very badly chosen, and in the second, the very form of the sentence heralds the tone of the book, which clearly shows Mr. Trevor does not consider that religious reform goes hand in hand with political and social, or that policy and social

science procure, perhaps, as many converts to our faith as pure and unassisted preaching.

The Pilgrim's Progress. (Nisbet.) Singularly appropriate to Christmas are the "Progress" editions, which always issue from the press about this time of the waning year. But a few weeks since we noticed the edition of Bunyan's work, sent out into the world by the fostering hands of Mr. Charles Kingsley. Now, we have another reprint of the immortal work, illustrated by John Gilbert. We will not again enter into the question of the relative value Mr. Kingsley's edition possesses compared with all previous reprints, but will simply say of the present work, that it is beautifully printed on tinted paper and plentifully illustrated by Mr. J. Gilbert, whose name alone is suggestive of picturesque engravings, full of sweeping lines, and from which elegance and strength are never absent.

Earnest Bracebridge; or, School Days. By W. H. G. Kingston. (Shaw.) Mr. Kingston must be enjoying a literary mania just now—his books have literally showered upon our table; "Earnest Bracebridge" is certainly the third, if not fourth bulky volume by the same author which has come under our notice within the last few weeks. It is on an average with Mr. Kingston's other works, containing many hearty chapters, and obviously written after a perusal of "Tom Brown's School Days."

French Pronunciation. By P. A. S. Junod. (Longman.) A book dedicated to "Englishmen who are anxious to acquire a correct French pronunciation"—thereby including "all Englishmen," for we would all speak French, and good. It is questionable which is the bolder man, he who professes to teach pronunciation by the means of a dumb book, or he who attempts the acquisition by the same means. Specimens of this kind of book arrive daily—whether any other than critical eyes investigate these essays it is impossible to say. It is but just to the time-honoured Hamel (of Caen, if we mistake not), to say his influence is to be found in this last publication of French pronunciation in three or four scores of pages.

Charlie and Ernest; or, Play and Work. By M. Betham-Edwards. (Edmonston & Douglas.) A good little book, containing nothing new, but very readable. Charlie is an idle youngster who plays practical tricks at Hazlehurst School, the consequences of which are that he runs away and breaks his arm. He then has the good fortune to feel the example of Ernest, who is a blind boy-musician, and he becomes good. Finis. There are several nice tales, from the German, introduced into the volume, which does not contain one questionable line.

We have before us the *British Almanac and Companion for 1860*, full of valuable information, together with digests of several of the great questions of the day. *Emmanuel.* (Judd & Glass.) By Joseph Parker, Minister of Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester. *Three Lectures on the Rifle.* By Col. E. C. Wilford. (Parker & Son.) A very practical and clearly-written little work, having authority, for its author is assistant commandant and chief instructor at the School of Musketry, Hythe. Amongst the many handy rifle-books we have received this seems about the best.

We have received the December number of Cassell's family paper, containing several essays by working men, and a translation of Octave Feuillet's "*Le roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*," recently and disastrously produced at the Princess's theatre as "Ivy Hall."

Amongst new editions we have received a cheap issue of "The Education of Mothers," by M. Aimé Martin, translated by Dr. Lee. "The Reliques of Father Prout," illustrated by D. MacLise, R.A. (Bohn's Illustrated Library.)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—*The Children's Picture-Book of Scripture Fables* (Bell & Daldy) is temperately written, and illustrated in a manner so far removed from confused as to satisfy the eyes of even young children.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arthur (W.), *Successful Merchant: Memoir of S. Budgett*, 21st ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
 Armitage (W.), *Tongue of Fire; or, True Power of Christianity*, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., post 8vo. 5s.
 Barrett (J. V.), *Echoes*, post 8vo. 2s. and 3s. 6d.
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 Titan; a Monthly Magazine, Vol. 8, 8mo. 16s.
 Townsend (G.), *New Testament arranged in Historical and Chronological order*, 2 vols. 8vo. 42s.
 Trollope (A.), *Doctor Thorne*, 4th ed. post 8vo. 5s.
 Trollope (A.), *West Indies and the Spanish Main*, 2nd edition, 8vo. 15s.
 Tyng (D.), *God in the Dwelling*, 4th edition, 12mo. 1s.
 Vaughan (Dr.), *Memorials of Harrow Sundays*, Sermons, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Volunteer Artillery and Rifle Corps Almanack, 12mo. 1s.
 Watson (J.), *Preparing for Home Expository Discourses*, 12mo. 5s.
 Weale's Latin Series: Terence's *Adelphi*, by Davis, 12mo. 2s.
 Weale's Greek Series: Homer's *Odyssey*, Vol. 2, Part 2, by Lawes, 1s. 6d.
 Wetherell (E.), *Say and Seal*, 12mo. 2s. 6d., post 8vo. 5s.
 Barton (J.), *Law Lexicon*, 2nd ed. royal 8vo. 25s.
 Winslow (O.), *Midnight Harmonies*, new ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Witterlidge (J. A.), *Three Months' Rest at Pau*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Wright (J.), *David, King of Israel*, Readings for the Young, 12mo. 5s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It must be satisfactory to all lovers of justice, science, and genius to learn that Her Majesty has granted a pension of 150*l.* a year out of the civil list pensions to the daughters of Frederick Cort, whose inventions in the manufacture of iron have contributed so much to the prosperity of the trade, whilst his family have been left in deep distress.

We rejoice to learn that Lord Palmerston has conferred a pension of 100*l.* a-year upon Miss Pardoe, a lady whose reputation is too well established to need any word of commendation from us.

At the opening meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh for the session 1859-60, the Neill medal and prize was presented, through Professor Balfour, to W. Lauder Lindsay, M.D., F.L.S., for his "Memoir on the Spermatogones and Pycnides of Filamentous, Fruticose and Foliose Lichens," read to the Society during the last session. In addition to awarding this prize, the Society is expending a considerable sum in publishing the memoir in question in the forthcoming part of its "Transactions" (Vol. 22), and in engraving the relative illustrations, executed by the author, which consist of twelve plates of between 400 and 500 drawings. In awarding all its prizes, the Society is prepared to do the most ample justice to the merits of the papers sent in, by availing itself of the assistance of the most eminent authorities in every department of Natural History, both at home and abroad, who are called upon to examine and decide. The medal now awarded contains on one side a profile of its founder, and on the obverse side the inscription, "Adjudged for eminence in Natural History to Wm. Lauder Lindsay, M.D., by the Royal Society of Edinburgh." The Macdougall-Brisbane medal and prize, of the same Society,—the only other one awarded during the past year,—was conferred on the distinguished geologist, Sir Roderic I. Murchison, at the meeting of the British Association, at Aberdeen, in September last, "in consideration of his original, persevering, and successful exertions to throw light upon the superposition and real age of vast geological formations of extreme antiquity in the north-western Highlands."

Tennyson's Princess. (Moxon.) This work is now illustrated with the pencil of Mr. Daniel Maclise. The character infused into these illustrations will satisfy even the poet; especially good is that figure answering to the description:

"His name was Gama, cracked and small his voice,
But bland the smile that, like a wrinkling wind
O'er glassy water, drove his cheek in lines.
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king."

Nor are the faces of the disguised youths without exquisite sweetness and abstract beauty.

We copy the following from the *Manchester Examiner*, and from the column of its special London Correspondent:

"But still I hesitate to believe a report which is current in Paris, that Napoleon intends to turn newspaper proprietor in London on his own account, and bring out a daily paper, which shall be a regular and—I will not say official, but confidential exponent of his views. After all, it must be remembered that he would not be the first continental sovereign who had gone into journalism on his own account, for no one doubts that *Le Nord* was established by the Russian Government. And if they have a paper at Brussels, why not Louis Napoleon in England? His dabbling with our press is at any rate a proof that he or his ministers are sensible of the importance of their views being somehow or other expounded in London. The story, therefore, is not so unlikely as it might appear at first sight; but, at present, I can only give it as a rumour which is afloat on the other side of the water."

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.—Encouraged by the success which has attended the establishment of a School of Art in the very heart of Lambeth, inhabited by artisans engaged in the Potteries and Building Trades, the chairman of the school, the Rev. R. Gregory, of St. Mary's Parsonage, is endeavouring to raise the necessary fund for building suitable premises for the school, which has hitherto been held in the National School at great inconvenience. With the view of obtaining the assistance of the Committee of Council on Education, Mr. W. Williams, M.P., and Mr.

Roupell, M.P., with a deputation, have waited upon Earl Granville, and it is intended to form a Committee of Well-wishers to Art Instruction to promote the object, as the immediate district of the school is too poor to raise the necessary funds.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.—Another time-honoured name has been added to the obituary of the year 1859, by the death of Thomas de Quincey, who, after an illness of some weeks' duration, breathed his last at Edinburgh on the 8th of this month. Mr. Washington Irving on the other side of the Atlantic, and Leigh Hunt and De Quincey on this, were, with one bright exception, the last of that race of literary giants who shed a lustre on the first years of this century, and who with noble aims, undaunted perseverance, and unflinching courage, did battle against a host of abuse and prejudice, which the present generation knows by tradition only. Among these heroes of a past age, De Quincey was not the strongest and mightiest, but he certainly was the most genial, the one who most readily sympathised with every class and phase of humanity. Others dealt harder blows and did more palpable good in their generation, and there is reason to apprehend that De Quincey's humbler labours will soon be forgotten, and that his books will be found only on the shelves of literary epicures; that, henceforth, they will be read only by the few gifted ones, who can feel with, through, and for him. But some of his most prominent works, for instance, the first portion of the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," have a considerable claim to the attention even of the public at large, for, independent of the psychological study they present, they contain as truthful, as palpable, and racy a fraction of autobiography as can be found in the literature of any language. Whether or not the whole of the incidents narrated belonged to the life of Mr. De Quincey, whether he described his own experiences, or centred in himself the experiences of others—no matter, the adventure of the runaway schoolboy, who waits, and hopes, and starves in London streets—the queer, the uncouth, the fair and frail "companions of his solitude," his frantic struggles, his unrummured endurance, and finally his deliverance, embittered by the loss of the only friend he had made during his time of trial—all these form a series of scenes from life, which once looked upon can never be forgotten. His introduction to the experiences of an opium-eater, more than any other of De Quincey's books, will cause his name to be remembered by after ages, for the subject, however old, is always new. As for the closing scene of Mr. De Quincey's life, we quote the following account from the tribute paid to his memory by a friend—a writer in the *Edinburgh Scotsman*: "Almost till the very last his perceptions were as vivid, his interest in knowledge and affairs as keen as ever; and while his bodily frame, wasted by suffering and thought, day by day faded and shrank, his mind retained unimpaired its characteristic capaciousness, activity, and acuteness. Within a week or two he talked readily, and with all that delicacy of discrimination of which his conversation partook equally with his writings, of such matters as occupied the attention of our citizens or of our countrymen; displaying so much of elasticity and power, that even those who had the rare privilege and opportunity of seeing him in those latter days cannot be otherwise than startled and shocked by the seeming suddenness of his death. Yet he was full of years—having considerably passed the term of threescore and ten—and in him, if ever in any man, the sword may be said to have worn out its scabbard. Not only the continual exercise of the brain, but the extreme sensibility of his emotional nature, had so taxed and wasted his never athletic physical frame, that the wonder lay rather in his life having been so prolonged. Full of years, he has also died full of honours such as he cared to win, leaving behind him the name not only of a profound scholar in the department he affected, but one of the greatest masters of English pure and undefiled who ever handled the pen."

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—Your notice of the pamphlet, "On Non-Inflammable Fabrics," otherwise very favourable, raising two objections to the processes recommended by us, we beg to be allowed, through the medium of your paper, to take exception thereto. To the first, namely, that fabrics are not, by these processes, rendered *permanently* non-inflammable, we submit, that, after ventilating this question in every possible way, as well as by repeated experiments and lengthened research, we have arrived at the conviction that this desideratum is not attainable, cannot indeed be attained, without detriment to the fabrics. Of all bodies found applicable for the purpose which chemical science at present affords, the oxides of tin alone admit of being fixed in the fibre intimately enough to resist the action of soap and water. These increase, however, the weight of the muslin 75 per cent., they impart, moreover, a yellow tinge, and impair the strength of fibre. The latter disadvantages are exhibited even when a smaller amount of oxides is introduced, with a view to reduce the rapidity of combustion, which cannot without be checked to any marked extent without the addition of some 50 per cent. of the oxides of tin to the muslin. Hence soluble salts alone should be considered as fit expedients.

The second objection, namely, that our processes likewise increase the weight, thereby increasing the freight upon fabrics cannot, we opine, hold good from the moment that it is maintained that ponderable matter *must* be added to the cotton, if the quality of non-inflammability is sought to be added to its properties.

Sulphate of ammonia increases the weight of cotton less than any other salt, viz., about 18 per cent. only. Such additional weight can neither be felt as an inconvenience to the wearer, nor can it increase the freight upon cotton goods so as to render them too expensive for the poorer classes.

The freight from Manchester to London being 35*s.* per ton, would leave about 1*d.* for five dresses weighing 1*lb.* respectively, the cost would be *less* than 1*d.* for four dresses, were the latter prepared with sulphate of ammonia.

The ordinary process of stiffening cotton fabrics increases their weight to a still higher degree, yet no objection has hitherto been raised against it.

Since the publication of our pamphlet we have been favoured by the Registrar-General with the following particulars, which we are allowed to quote from his letter:—"In the five years, 1852-1856, 9999 deaths were referred in the civil registers of England and Wales to burns, 2181 are stated to have been caused by clothes taking fire. It must be borne in mind that many deaths occur in which the exact causes are not stated in the detail that is desirable."

It is to be hoped that these data will induce many to take advantage of those safeguards which have been already made attainable, instead of waiting for improvements, the final discovery of which is, to say the least, but doubtful.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
Chemical Laboratory, F. VERSMANN, F.C.S.,
7, Bury Court, St. Mary Axe, A. OPPENHEIM, Ph.D.,
London, E.C.

[The claim of Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim to have exhausted chemical science fails to convince us that no more can be done. Other gentlemen of equal skill and more modesty may yet succeed.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*]

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—I cannot help thinking that with reference to the question of employing educated women, the *Times* is very wrong in taking up the *strong-minded*, independent views lately promulgated. The plan of training young women with the idea of getting their own living, if practically carried out, would, I think, prove very disastrous to society—it would create more evils than it could possibly cure; the whole scheme seems to me a fallacy. The reason given for making women independent on their outset in life is "because many do not marry, and others become dependent from various causes." Now I think woman's chances of marrying would be much less even than at present, if she is to be made to proclaim her independence. Flourishing her *stuff* (which Lady Morgan was so anxious to place in the hand of every girl), and saying in effect, "I care for nobody for nobody cares for me," No, this masculine sort of woman will not gain husbands, any more than the flimsy-butterfly race of girls which society has had reason to deplore, though society is in great measure to blame, for the training or no training of such. What a pity people will not be moderate—how difficult it seems to find a medium, extremes are ever sought.

My idea of woman's education is this, that it should tend to fit her for the performance of home duties. Her physical and mental powers should be trained and directed so as to enable her to fulfil the threefold functions of Wife, Mother, and Mistress of a family. But it may be said—"she may never marry"—never mind, she will still be possessed of such knowledge—theoretical and practical—as will make her an estimable and useful woman in any capacity or position of life. **HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT**—whilst it need not exclude "accomplishments," so-called—comprises numerous branches of the arts and sciences. The subjects of *Health and Cookery* alone, if thoroughly acquired, i.e., the science and the principles well-understood and practically applied, would constitute a well educated useful woman. It has been spoken of as a rare occurrence for any one person to possess a comprehensive knowledge of subjects; and for the same individual to be conversant with an essay on a learned subject; and to understand the very humble art of cooking a chop or a potato, is looked upon as a marvel, but is it not quite according to the natural order of things that it should be so? A scientific

mind regards everything in nature as important—the most trivial atom is a part of the great and wondrous whole, and everything has its own peculiar part to play, or its position to maintain in the universe, and therefore to a mind fully developed, a mind capable of appreciating to the extent of its finite powers everything around—nothing is too exalted (humanly speaking), nothing too minute for its consideration and regard. I think, therefore, if girls were fully educated for home duties, home pleasures, home sympathies and affections, they would be more likely to obtain and retain husbands (at least their love and respect) than now. And in the event of unforeseen troubles, death, or reverses of fortune, leaving them unprotected for, such women—with everything womanly about them—would, when left to their own resources, be well fitted to fill situations of trust and responsibility, of which many offer and need to be so filled.

They might find in many a highly respectable institution a comfortable asylum, with ample opportunity for the exercise of their faculties, and thus become useful members of society without having to do battle in life—entering into competition with men in the field of labour, or even in an "educated market," which I think must be very revolting to truly feminine feeling, and would never be proposed by any but those who have either no intention or no prospect of entering wedded life, and it is well for those (who must be regarded as exceptional specimens of womanhood) who are aware they do not possess domestic virtues, to seek some other sphere for the exercise of their own masculine faculties, but let them not attempt to spread the contagion of such injurious notions. The education of woman needs reform truly, but not in the direction recently suggested.

I believe that the reason that young men have been of late so disinclined to marry is not so much that they are waiting to make a fortune to enable them to live in the same style as their fathers (pronounced by "society" to be respectable), but that young women are so unfit to manage any household with economy—it is ruinous even for a man of fortune to marry now-a-days. It is not right to base the training of young women upon the idea that their lot will be contrary to nature—that is, perpetuating an abnormal condition of things which it is needful to rectify.

Yours, &c. "M. A. B."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, December 14th.

THE week has had its tragic incidents, or incidents that had nearly become tragic, at all events. Not a month ago, the Marquis de G.'s son, one of the richest young men in France, married Mlle. L. F., a very charming young girl, remarkable both for her good looks, and for her accomplishments and education. The new-married couple went down during the honeymoon to Compiegne. On their return, they were present, last Monday week, at a performance at the Grand Opéra. It was observed by M. de G. that, during the first and second acts of the opera, M. de L. never took his *lorgnette* off the features of the young bride, and the intention of the starrer seemed an unmistakably hostile, or at all events impertinent one. During the second *entr'acte*, the two gentlemen met, and again a look from M. de L. appeared to M. de G. to warrant a demand on his part for an explanation. Instead of words, a pair of *soufflets* was exchanged, and of course there could be to all this but one termination—a duel. An immense deal of talk was, however, spent upon it all, and it was only two days later that it was known what had in reality been the result—Messrs. de G. and de L. had fought, and the former is severely wounded.

Now, naturally, the first question is, what did they fight about? The proper answer, I fancy, is that politics lay at the bottom of the whole. M. de G. is looked upon as a sort of traitor for having served during the Italian war as an *officier d'ordonnance* on the Emperor's staff, and having taken his wife to Compiegne at once, whilst M. de L. is one of those ultra legitimists who are denominated *des pointus*. But the worst part of all these sort of stories is, that the corruption of the imperial court is such (as far as the Emperor himself is concerned) that it is impossible for any one who accepts his hospitality not to be compromised in a certain degree by the wicked tongues of the world. I am inclined to look upon this circumstance as upon one of the conclusive proofs of how very bad is the reputation of the French Court, for certainly nothing can be more unfounded or absurd even than the reports that have been mixed up with these provocations, and the duel that has been their result.

Altogether it is certain that the winter begins gloomily, and neither in French nor in foreign society is there anything which seems to promise

future gaiety, beyond what can be secured by merely official *fêtes*.

The *Père Prodigue* still continues to follow up its original success, and to attract "all Paris," as it is termed, to the Gymnase. I am not prepared to admire young Dumas' new piece without reserve, but there undoubtedly are some very fine parts in it, and I believe it will be found in many respects to be the most profound and most curious of all its author's studies of modern French manners. The most striking trait of the whole production is the difference which education, habits, and external political and social causes, make between the father and the son. There is nothing the least in the world exaggerated in all this; it is perfectly true. M. de la Rivonnière, the father, is a type of what a gentleman was forty years back in France, and André is a type of what a well born young man of our time may be, and yet be held to rank as a gentleman. It is difficult to praise too highly the many fine shades of colouring which Alexandre Dumas *filz* has used to portray these two characters. La Rivonnière, the father, has the frivolity, the lightheartedness, the extravagance, but the high chivalrous sense of honour that belonged to the men whose fathers had suffered all the horrors of emigration rather than desert what they looked upon as the "good cause." They might be—they were—narrow-minded, these French gentlemen of other days; they were the silliest politicians assuredly that ever breathed; but they were very honourable, and too full of disdain for money not to be above all the corruptions of our day. André de la Rivonnière, on the contrary, belongs to that class of calculating young men, who are for ever coming to a compromise between their honour and their interest, and just only avoiding that one point where interest is too exclusively attended to.

There is one particular in his own personal conduct about this new play that has won universal credit for Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, namely, that when called for with positive frenzy by the audience, he resolutely persisted in not coming forward, and thus refused to put a dramatic author, a man whose position ought to be that of an independent gentleman, upon a level with those who are paid by the manager of a theatre for showing themselves to the public whenever the public chooses to exact their presence. I would not for the world say anything in disparagement of the histrionic art, or of those whose calling it is; there may be (as we know) amongst them pure women and honourable men, but it is undeniable that the public, while having a right to ask for the actor himself *in propria persona*, has only the right to the dramatic author's work, and not to himself. This it is which young Dumas has felt, and he has courageously broken through the custom which has for the last few years brought French dramatic authors upon the stage, neither more nor less than the actors and actresses who perform the parts in their pieces.

There is a really very pretty and very touching letter written to young Dumas by poor Roger the singer, and which is going the round of the minor newspapers here. It is written with the left hand (the right one being the amputated one), and expresses the joy felt by the writer at the brilliant success of the *Père Prodigue*.

I told you in one of my recent letters into what a "fix" the Emperor's private secretary, M. Mocquard, had been put by the refusal of the censors to consent to the performance at the Porte St. Martin of his drama, entitled *La Tiroseuse de Charles*, based upon the history of the boy Mortara, the boy being however turned into a girl. Well, after no end of trouble, the Emperor has been brought to give a counter order to his censors, and the adaptation of the Mortara story to the stage will delight the eyes and ears of the Paris playgoers this winter.

When I glance at the beginning of my letter, it strikes me I have too insufficiently explained the details of the late duel, and have proceeded as though your readers necessarily knew as much as we do here about it. Now it is just one of those events which mark the manners of a time and a

nation, and are therefore interesting to describe. It so happens that the bride's mother is a lady very, very well known in the Parisian world, and whose position (separated as she is from her husband) lays her open to much criticism. The entire audience almost, on Monday night (the 4th), was occupied with the juxtaposition of the two parts of the family—in one box, the bride and her husband, in another, immediately opposite, the mother-in-law, still a beauty, though no longer a reigning one. As much as others, though not more, M. de L., a man past sixty, an *ancien garde du corps* of Charles X., stared at the box where sat M. and Mme. de G.

Between the acts, as I said, they met, but the words exchanged were the following: "Monsieur," said G., "why do you stare at my wife?" M. de L. replied that he did not stare at her more than it was allowable to do. "I think you do," was the rejoinder. "Young man, are you by chance aiming at reading me a lesson?" asked the ex-Guardsman of the Restoration. "Perhaps you need it," rejoined G. But here all conversation was put an end to by the most vigorous *soufflet* that ever was applied, as it would seem. People in their boxes have told me since that the noise of it really rang through the house, like the banging of a heavy door. M. de G. turned three times on himself, and then fell down utterly stunned, at the extreme end of the lobby.

The duel took place at Revel, and since that of M. de Pène, eighteen months ago, never was one more ferocious heard of. The first swords were soon so bent they were thrown away; the second pair were broken almost directly, and the combatants were obliged to return to the first ones. At last M. de G. was put *hors de combat* with a wound in the shoulder and a wound in the breast, M. de L. having only a slight cut on one hand. As the seconds positively forbade any continuance of this frightful scene, the two principals took their leave of each other, saying, "*au revoir*." M. de L., bowing to his adversary, remarked that it was only "*partie remise*," and concluded by, "I promised to kill you, and will do it." "It may not be so easy," answered G. The seconds relate the fact that both parties said textually the same thing as they left the ground. L., "That young puppy, I must kill him for telling me I wanted to be taught manners!" and G., "That old rascal! I must kill him for the *soufflet* he gave me."

All this is more worthy of note than any mere duel in ordinary circumstances would be, for it is, as I say, a sign of the times and of the manners. These are the military habits of the first empire revived, and one or two old *sabreurs* of the days of Napoleon I., whom I have met, exclaim: "I can fancy myself in 1810; it is odd how frequently these sort of things occurred then."

Upon the whole, the morals and manners of France just now offer a hideous subject of study to the philosopher.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

TUES. *Statistical Society*, 8 P.M. "On the Rate of Wages in the Cotton District during the last Ten Years," by David Chadwick, Esq., Treasurer of Salford.

WED. *Society of Arts*, 8 P.M. "On Starches; the purposes for which they are employed, and the improvements in their manufacture," by Mr. F. Grace Calvert, F.R.S.

THURS. *Royal Society*, 1. "On the Electro-Conducting Power of Alloys. On the Specific Gravity of Alloys," by A. Matthiessen. 2. "On an extended form of the Index Symbol in the Calculus of Operations," by W. Spottiswoode. 3. "On the Structure of the Chorda Dorsalis of the Placostomes and some other Fishes, and on the Relation of its proper Sheath to the Development of the Vertebra," by Prof. Kölliker.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday, Dec. 14, R. Wygram Crawford, Esq., M.P., in the chair. Messrs. John Kelk, W. Lund, B. Nixon, W. Purdow, J. H. Robson, W. Rowlands, R. Simpson, and R. H. Wyatt, were duly elected members. The paper read was, "On the Great Eastern," by Mr. William Hawes. The author began by giving a brief sketch of the rise and rapid progress of

ocean steam navigation. After giving some details of the dimensions and general construction of the ship, he alluded to some observations that had been made relative to the want of provision for warming the saloons on the passage to America, in reference to which he urged the fact that the vessel was built for the Indian trade, and in his opinion it was to be very much regretted that the concession to other interests than those of the shareholders should have been allowed to delay her departure on the voyage for which she was designed, and from which alone any commercial results to the company could be realised. He thought we might fairly expect that a speed of fifteen knots an hour would be attained, with a comparatively small consumption of coal, for our largest passenger ships averaged eleven knots an hour, with a horse-power of one to three or four tons burthen, and the *Great Eastern*, to run fifteen knots an hour, had but one horse-power to eight and a-half tons burthen. In conclusion, Mr. Hawes drew attention to the national importance of the undertaking. The great ship would do for India and Australia that which the *Great Western* in 1838 did for America—viz., reduce the distance between these great colonies and dependencies and England, to the increased security of the empire, to the promotion of arts, manufactures, and commerce, and to the advancement of civilisation and good government all over the world. A discussion ensued, in which Captain Henderson, Messrs. Davis, J. J. Frith, L. S. Magnus, R. Scott, J. Topham, and the Chairman took part.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Dec. 3rd, Colonel Sykes, M.P., President, in the chair. Major J. R. Garden, J. A. Mann, Esq., and A. Tien, Esq., were elected members of the Society. Dr. R. G. Latham read a paper, "On the Date and Personality of Priyadarsi." The writer gave reasons for believing that the words Priyadarsi and Phraates are identical. The particular Phraates was Phraates I., the fourth Arsacidan prince of Parthia. The difficulty of identifying the name with any king of India induced him to believe that its bearer must be sought for in some king ruling in India, but not Indian. He must, however, be the cotemporary of an Antiochus, a Ptolemy, a Magas, and an Antigonus. With the last two there was nothing, either one way or the other—except that a Magas was a king in Cyrene, whose date would better suit another Antiochus. Still there were, probably, more of that name than one. Of Antiochi and Ptolemies there were more than enough to choose from. Phraates I. ruled long; but nothing concerning him is handed down to us except that he conquered the Mardi. His successor, Mithridates I. was a great Indian conqueror, but he ruled only eight years. The writer submitted that his Indian conquests were made during his predecessor and brother's lifetime, whilst he was crown prince. Meanwhile, the Priyadarsi edicts bore the name of the ruling monarch *Phraates-Priyadarsi*. To support this view, the following leading facts were adduced:

1st. That the edicts, being stated to have been made in the twelfth, and the *Lath* inscription in the twenty-seventh year of Priyadarsi's reign, Phraates I. is the only king, with a practical name, known to have ruled twenty-seven years (and upwards), who was also cotemporary with an Antiochus and a Ptolemy.

2nd. That the Mithridatic conquests actually detached from Bactria the parts about Jellalabad, the locality of the Kapar-di-Giri inscription, at least.

3rd. That the date of the Kapar-di-Giri inscription, according to the present hypothesis, is the date of the legends of the coins of Eukratides, the first legends in an Indian alphabet.

This is the view taken, if we look upon Priyadarsi simply as he appears in edicts and *Lath* columns. But Priyadarsi is identified with Asoka. For reasons far too lengthy to give even a sketch of, the question as to the pure and simple Priyadarsi of the edicts and *Lath* is separated from that of Priyadarsi being Asoka. It is held, however, that the argument loses nothing by admitting the complication. *Priyadarsi* being verbally *Phraates*,

Asoka is *Arsaces*. Now, how long did Asoka reign? According to one account, twenty-six; to another, thirty-seven years, the number being from Professor Wilson, writing on the Northern Buddhists. Now, thirty-seven is the exact number given by Heeren to Phraates I. From this subtract twelve, and the remainder gives (within a single year) the time between his edicts and his death. The identification of Asoka with Arsaces, and Priyadarsi with Phraates, accounts for the double names—quite as well, at least, as they are accounted for by the Buddhist incarnations. The Arsacidae were, as individuals, so many Artaban, Phraates, Tiridates, Mithridates, or the like. As one of the Arsacidae, however, each was an Arsaces. It accounts for the multiplicity of Asokas. However much a ruler was an Artabanus, a Phraates, a Tiridates, or a Mithridates, he was always an Arsaces. The writer urged most strongly the provisional character of the hypothesis; and added that, at any rate, it opened the important question as to the relations between the Arsacidan Parthians and India. In a discussion which followed the reading of the paper, the President indicated the antiquity of the evidence of a diffused Buddhism, which could scarcely be due to Parthia. He also added that the name Priyadarsi was significant in the Indian language. Mr. Priaux objected that the area over which the Priyadarsi monuments were spread was too great for the Mithridatic conquests. Lord Strangford took objections to the change of form between Phraates and Priyadarsi, holding that the Pali-speaking Aryans of India would never have so changed the Iranian form *Frada*, preserved in the Behistan inscription. Dr. Latham, in reply, and conclusion, admitted the validity of the objections, but doubted how far they went. He laid comparatively little stress on letter changes, when we had not both the forms before us. Priyadarsi, he held, grew not out of *Phraates*, as we have in Greek and Latin, but out of some unknown and possibly intermediate form. The extent to which the history of Arsacidan Parthia, in connection with India, was a blank, was recommended as a reason for future researches in that direction.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A numerously attended meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening at Burlington House, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Vice-President, in the chair. The papers read were:

1. "On the Trigonometrical Survey and Physical Configuration of the Valley of Kashmir," by Mr. William Purdon, F.R.G.S., executive engineer, Punjab; communicated by Sir Charles Wood, F.R.G.S., India Office. The paper gave rise to a discussion, in which Colonel Everest, the former Surveyor-General of India; Captain Austen, of the Staff of the Great Trigonometrical Survey, and others, took part.

2. "British Columbia. Journeys in the Districts bordering on the Fraser, Thompson, and Harrison Rivers, by Lieutenants Mayne, R.N., and Palmer, R.E., and Chief Justice M. Begbie." Communicated by the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Office. Lieutenant Mayne's report contains much interesting topographical information. It describes the character of the soil, the vegetation, and productions of the districts traversed, and points out the course of the rivers and the general geographical features of the country. Lieutenant Palmer, in his paper, remarks that every miner admitted the existence of gold in the Upper Fraser River; and but for the scarcity and enormous price of provisions, there would be abundant work for those who were quitting the country. Dry diggings have yet to be found, which would be done when men possessed energy enough to inspect the country; but while provisions held such an enormous price, there could be no hope that any active exertions could be made. The Chief Justice's communication refers almost wholly to the Indians, whom he found generally willing to "work hard for hire." The Chairman, in proposing the thanks of the Society to his grace the Duke of Newcastle for sending the papers, and also to those gentlemen who had

prepared them, said he was much struck with the fact, that vessels of large tonnage could navigate all the rivers, thus affording access to the auriferous regions. He was glad to see young officers of the navy employed in examining those distant regions of the British Empire. Mr. Crawford did not wish anybody to go to New Columbia, although he should like to visit the United States. It was monstrous to suppose that two governments bound together by such ties as those of America and England, would go to war about the island of San Juan. They were respectively bound under a penalty of 20,000,000*l.* per annum to keep the peace: 20,000,000*l.* worth of American cotton came to England, and 20,000,000*l.* worth of English produce went to America. The meeting was adjourned until the 9th of January.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 30, Sir C. Lyell in the Chair. Sir Walter James, Betsanger Park, Kent; George Dawes, Esq., Milton Iron-works, near Barnsley, Yorkshire; the Rev. Julian Edmund Woods, Penola, South Australia; Bassett Smith, Esq., 1, Elm Court, Temple; Captain Hickens, Bengal Engineers; Lionel Brough, Esq., one of H. M. Inspectors of coal-mines, Clifton; John Studdy Leigh, Esq., St. Stephen's Terrace, Bayswater; and John Pope Hennessy, M.P., were elected Fellows. The following communications were read:—1. "On some Bronze Relics from an Auriferous Sand in Siberia," by T. W. Atkinson, Esq., F.G.S. During the author's stay at the gold mine on the River Shargan, in Siberia (Lat. 59° 30' N. and Long. 96° 10' E.) in August 1861, some fragments of worked bronze were dug up by the workmen, at a depth of 14 feet 8 inches below the surface, from a bed of sand in which gold-nuggets occur. This sand rests on the rock, and is covered by beds of gravel and sand, overlain by two feet of vegetable soil. The fragments appear to have belonged either to a bracelet or to some horse-trappings. This paper was discussed with great interest, as it tended to prove the existence of man in a tolerably advanced condition of civilisation, before the deposition of the strata containing the bones of the great mammalia. From the evidence collected by Mr. Atkinson there was no doubt that the fragments were discovered in the situation exhibited in the drawings which he made on the spot, and neither he nor the officers of the mines detected any appearance of disturbance in the superincumbent strata. It did not, however, appear that any minute examination was made by any geologist experienced in this kind of inquiry, and the general impression was rather in favour of assuming that the articles must have been conveyed by some unknown force from a more recent stratum to that in which they were found, than to believe that a race, sufficiently advanced in science to make works of bronze, existed in Siberia at a period so enormously anterior not only to the pre-historic time which archaeologists have investigated, but even to that which geologists have assigned as the probable commencement of the appearance of man.

2. "On the Volcanic Country of Auckland, New Zealand." By Charles Heaphy, Esq. Communicated by the President. The isthmus-like district of Auckland and its neighbourhood, described by Mr. Heaphy as a basin of Tertiary deposits, is bordered by clay-slate, igneous rocks, and at one spot on the south by cretaceous strata; and it is dotted by upwards of sixty extinct volcanoes, often closely situated, and showing in nearly every instance, a well-defined point of eruption, generally a cup-like crater, on a hill about 300 feet high. Interesting instances of successive volcanic eruption are numerous all over this district, sixty miles round Auckland, and there seems to have been four distinct epochs of eruption, thus classified by Mr. Heaphy:—1. That which raised the trachytic mountains and the black boulder-like igneous rock. 2. Eruptions in the Tertiary period, the ashes of which form beds in the Tertiary rock. 3. Eruptions on the upheaval of the Tertiary cliffs: these appear as cones above faults on the Tertiary beds and on the edges of cliffs. 4. Lastly, eruptions

that have broken through the Tertiary beds, and the lava streams of which follow the natural valleys of the country.

3. "On the Geology of a part of South Australia." By T. Burr, Esq. From the Colonial Office, 1848. The lowlands about Adelaide on the west, and along the River Murray on the east, consist of horizontal beds of limestone and calcareo-siliceous deposits, yellowish and reddish in colour, full of marine fossils, and of the Tertiary age. Sometimes gypsum and ferruginous sand replace the limestone. These plains are arid, except where granite protrudes from the surface, presenting cavities in which rain-water collects. The author observed a similar Tertiary formation on Yorke's Peninsula, at Port Lincoln, and to the S.E. to beyond Rivoli Bay; and it probably forms vast tracts in New South Wales and Western Australia. None of these Tertiary districts appear to exceed an elevation of 300 feet above the sea. In describing two volcanoes in South Australia, Mount Gambier and Mount Schauk, Mr. Burr remarked that, coming from the west or north-west, at about 20 miles from these hills a white coral-limestone (Bryozoan limestone) containing flint or chert, takes the place of the limestones and calcareous sandstones, with recent sand-formation, previously passed over. This white limestone is remarkable for the numerous deep well-like water-holes in it, within about 12 miles of the volcanic mountains and about east or west of them. Mount Gambier has a height of 900 feet above the sea (600 feet above the plain), and has three craters, lying nearly east and west, and occupied with lakes of fresh water. Mount Schauk, at a distance of about nine miles, magnetic south, is circular, and has one large, and two small lateral craters.

4. "On some Tertiary deposits in South Australia," by the Reverend Julian Edmund Woods, communicated by the President. The author, in the first place, described the geographical features of that part of the colony of South Australia which lies between the river Murray on the west, and the colony of Victoria on the east; and includes an area 156 miles long, N. and S., and 70 broad from E. to W. Some trap-dikes and four volcanic hills are almost the only interruptions to the horizontality of these plains, which rise gradually from the sea, and are occupied by the Tertiary beds; they extend into Victoria for some seventy miles, as far as Port Fairy. In some places on the plains a white compact unfossiliferous limestone lies under the surface-soil, and is sometimes 30 feet thick. Under this is a fossiliferous limestone. The passage between the two is gradual. This latter rock is made up of *Bryozoa*—perfect and in fragments—with some *Pecten*, *Terebratulæ*, *Echinoderms*, &c. Sometimes this rock appears like friable chalk, without distinct fossils. A large natural pit, originating from the infalling of a cave, occurs near the extinct volcano Mount Gambier, and is 90 feet deep—showing a considerable thickness of this Bryozoan deposit in several beds of 14 feet, 10 feet, or 12 feet thickness. Similar pits show the deposit in the same way at the Mosquito Plains, 70 miles north. Regular layers of flints, usually black, rarely white, occur in these beds, from 14 to 20 feet apart. These, with its colour, and with the superficial sand-pipes, perforating the rock to a great depth, give it a great resemblance to chalk. The whole district is honeycombed with caves—always, however, in the higher grounds in the undulations of the plains. One of the caves, in a ridge on the northern side of the Mosquito Plains, is 200 feet long, is divided into three great halls, and has extensive side-chambers. The caves have a north and south direction, like that of the ridge. The large cave has a great stalactite in it; and many bones of *Marsupialia* are heaped up against this on the side facing the entrance; possibly they may have been washed up against this barrier by an inflowing stream. The dried corpse of a native lies in this cave. It has been partially entangled in the stalactite; but this man was known to have crept into the cave when he had been wounded, some fourteen years ago. Many of the caves have

great pits for their external apertures, and contain much water. Some shallow caves contain bones of existing *Marsupialia*, which have evidently been the relics of animals that fell into the grass-hidden aperture at top. The caves appear in many cases to be connected with a subterranean system of drainage; currents and periodical oscillations being occasionally observed in the waters contained in them. There is but little superficial drainage. One overflowing swamp was found by the author to send its water into an underground channel in a ridge of limestone. Patches of shelly sand occur here and there over the 10,980 square miles of country occupied by the white limestones; but near the coast this shelly sand thickens to 200 feet. A coarse limestone forms a ridge along the coast-line, and it contains existing species of shells. This indicates an elevation of the coast of late date, and which probably is still taking place.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Dec. 7, James Heywood, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair. Mr. A. Murray, of Glasgow, and Dr. E. Bullock, of Chelsea, were elected Associates. Mr. T. N. Brushfield presented a ground plan of the circle on Middleton Moor, called Arbor Lowe, taken, in 1823, by careful surveyors of the district. Mr. Bateman's particular description of the place and the examination of the tumulus demonstrative of its precise nature being given in his "Vestiges of Derbyshire," and the *Journal* of the Association. Mr. Cecil Brent exhibited a large iron key of the 15th century, which, together with various Roman and mediæval coins had been recently found in digging a sewer in Mercery Lane, Canterbury. Mr. John Brent, F.S.A., sent a sketch of a purse now in the Canterbury Museum, where it is labelled "Cromwell's Purse." Mr. Cuming stated it to be of the 17th century, and regarded it as a Dole Bag of an almoner, worn on stated occasions, and then suspended by a steel hook from the girdle. Mr. Thompson exhibited a French purse of the time of Louis XV., in which the form of the earlier *porte-monnaie* is preserved. Mr. Sherratt exhibited a fine Roman denarius of the plebeian family of *Ælia* or *Allia*. *Obr.*, winged helmet head of Rome. *Rev.*, the Dioscuri on horseback. Beneath [publius] PAETVS. On the Exergue, RoMA. Mr. Halliwell gave a few particulars in relation to an undescribed British camp at Moelycei, in North Wales. Mr. Wentworth forwarded transcripts of deeds in his possession relating to Lord Arundell of Wardour, and also orders issued by General Lambert upon the sleighting of Knaresborough Castle, in 1648. Dr. Kendrick and Mr. Cuming exhibited a variety of medals relating to Admiral Vernon and the taking of Porto Bello and Carthage. A paper by Mr. Wakeman was read, and drawings exhibited of some curious encaustic tiles, discovered on the site of the Priory of Monmouth, some of which presented heraldic bearings, and the date of the 36th of Henry VI. The Rev. Beale Poste forwarded observations on Mr. Vere Irving's paper on the date of the Battle of Káltræz, and Mr. Irving made many remarks upon the same which will be arranged for the *Journal*. The Association was then adjourned over to Wednesday, January 11, 1890.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, Dec. 13, Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Gould, in the course of some observations on the Dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*), stated, with reference to the charge made against it of destroying fish-spawn, that the contents of the stomachs of six examples lately examined, consisted of the larvae of *Phryganea* and masses of minute *Coleoptera*, with, in one instance, a small specimen of the Miller's Thumb (*Coltus gobio*). Mr. Gould also exhibited a series of specimens, illustrative of the ten known species of this genus, amongst which were two from Cashmere, which he considered undescribed, and proposed to name *Cinclus cashmeriensis* and *Cinclus sordidus*. Mr. Stewart exhibited specimens of *Corystes cavivellatus*, and the young of *Comatula rosea*, from the Devonshire coast. The latter were attached to the cæcæum of *Salicornia carcinoides*. A letter was read from Dr. Cobbold, concerning the

causes of the death of a young Giraffe belonging to the Society. Mr. Sylvanus Hanley communicated a list of the species of the genus *Dolium*. A paper was read by Mr. A. Adams, describing a new conchiferous mollusk, of the genus *Pandora*, from the coast of Mantchuria, under the name *P. wardiana*. Dr. Gray gave definitions of some new genera of Stony Zoophytes, and described a new Squirrel (*Sciurus sumensis*), and a new Tortoise (*Geoclemmys macrocephala*), both collected by M. Mouhot, in Siam. The next meeting was announced to take place on the 10th of January.

FINE ARTS.

Recollections of the British Institution, for Promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom, &c. By Thomas Smith. (Simpkin & Marshall.)

MORE than half a century has elapsed since the British Institution was founded, with the object, as stated in the bye-laws, of encouraging "the talents of the Artists of the United Kingdom; so as to improve and extend our manufactures, by that degree of taste and elegance of design which are to be exclusively derived from the cultivation of the Fine Arts, and thereby to increase the general prosperity of the empire."

It would, perhaps, not be fair, it is certainly not necessary, to inquire too curiously how far this magnificent programme has been carried out: but, after an institution has been so long in active existence, it may not be amiss to take a brief note of its doings—and an opportunity for so doing is afforded by the book before us. In the preface we are told that "The object of the compiler of this volume is to place upon record the wonderful energy, indefatigable activity, and patriotic zeal, brought to bear in carrying out the plan of the Institution, and that by a class of persons whose very elevated position necessitates so many other calls upon their time and attention." The tone of the book is sufficiently indicated by this little extract. We have here no stern censor, no impartial historian even—at best but an admiring chronicler. But then the writer has had, he tells us, "a personal acquaintance with the establishment for a long series of years." He has further undertaken "a recent examination of documents of indisputable authenticity connected therewith," and all who know anything of his antecedents know that he had for many years the means of becoming acquainted with "what was going on" in the governing circles of the British Institution. With the help of his book, therefore, but without adopting his eulogistic style, we may take a cursory glance over the career of an institution that has done much, however much more it might have done, for the arts of this country, and that may yet, if rightly directed, exercise a beneficial influence on English art and the fortunes of its professors.

The British Institution was formally founded at a meeting of subscribers of fifty guineas and upwards, held on the birthday of King George the Third, June 4, 1805. By the end of the year, fifty-six 100 guinea "hereditary governors," and twenty-seven "life-governors" at 50 guineas, had joined, with nine subscribers at 10 guineas, and twenty-two at smaller sums—the total amount received being 7167l. This was a goodly start, and as all the subscribers were "persons in an elevated position," the king himself being president, it was generally thought that there was about to be initiated for the arts in England, an era of patronage and prosperity at least equivalent to that of the Medici in Rome and Florence. An independent exhibition of paintings being regarded as a principal means of promoting Art, the first step was to obtain a suitable gallery, and very conveniently the Shakspeare Gallery, built by Alderman Boydell for the exhibition of the pictures he had commissioned for the illustration of his editions, of Shakspeare and Milton, was in the market. The lease was purchased for 4500l. A little over 800l. sufficed to adapt the gallery to its new purpose, and by the beginning of 1806 the Directors were ready to open the new Exhibition, all preliminary expenses being paid, and a surplus of 1837l. remaining in hand.

The first Winter Exhibition of the British Institution was accordingly opened to the public on the 17th of February 1806. It contained 257 works, including sculpture and enamels, as well as oil-paintings. It is curious to look over the list of exhibitors now. Some of the names are of those whom we have long by common consent agreed to regard as classic—if not fathers and founders, at least early luminaries, of our present school; others are those whose names raise a smile or a sigh at the fickleness of fashion; of others again no effort of memory can recall a recollection. Among them we find Benjamin West, Henry Fuseli, Sir William Beechey, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Francis Bourgeois (the founder of the Dulwich Gallery), Henry Bone, the enamellist, Sir Augustus Calcott, John Singleton Copley (the father of Lord Lyndhurst), Northcote, Opie, Robert Smirke (the father of the architects), William Owen, Thomas Daniell, George Dawe, Paul Sandby (the true founder of English water-colour painting), George Stubbs (the Landseer of his day), Arthur Davis, Richard Westall, Henry Howard, James Ward, Stothard, Turner, &c., with, in sculpture, Banks, Bacon, Nollekens, and Rossi: more than one of these, however, had already ceased to be numbered among living artists. Nearly all these names are still familiar, but who has heard of such as Redmore Bigg, or John Russell (not Lord John), or Francis Rigaud (unless it be from his book-designs), though each wrote R.A. after his name? Or to whom (except the secretary) are such A.R.A.'s known as George Garrard, John Downman, or Samuel Woodforde? though but a few years ago they were amongst us painting such "high-art" works as 'The Angels announcing to the Shepherds the Birth of Christ,' 'The Interview of Charles I. with his Children,' 'Sappho,' 'Peter Denying Christ,' 'Ruth and Boaz,' 'Moses exposed in the Bulrushes,' 'Phaeton,' 'The Accusing Spirit and Recording Angel,' 'Lady Rachel Russell resigning her Husband,' and others of like kind to which their names are appended in this exhibition. One of the exhibitors this opening year was Olivia Serres, the lady who some years later made no little stir in London as "The Princess Olive of Cumberland." We have looked in vain for the name of one exhibitor yet left amongst us—the last, however, James Ward, R.A., was living but a few weeks ago.

Among the points of difference between that time and the present, suggested by looking over the catalogue of this first exhibition, the most striking are the greater fondness for scriptural, historical, and especially classical subjects, for pictures of gallery size; and perhaps we may add the greater productiveness of artists then than now. Thus we find Benjamin West—though as President of the Royal Academy he must have had the choice of places at the exhibition—sending no less than fourteen pictures here; and those of such themes as 'Phaeton soliciting the Chariot of the Sun,' 'Cicero and the Magistrates at the Tomb of Archimedes,' 'Christ showing a little Child as the emblem of Heaven,' 'Hagar and Ishmael,' 'Death on the Pale Horse,' and the like, but with them such unquakerlike subjects as 'Venus Lamenting the Death of Adonis,' and 'Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.' Again Robert Smirke sent four-and-twenty pictures from the Arabian Nights (each 2 feet 1 inch by 1 foot 9 inches), a series that would rather surprise an exhibition visitor in these degenerate times. Then as to size we have Lawrence's 'Rollo,' 12 feet 9 inches by 8 feet 10 inches; Northcote's 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' 10 feet by 7 feet 6 inches; Copley's 'Death of the Earl of Chatham' (now in the National Gallery), 10 feet 8 inches by 11 feet 5 inches; Davis's 'Marquis Cornwallis receiving the hostage Princes of Mysore before Seringapatam,' 12 feet by 9 feet; Fuseli's 'Mental Woes,' 11 feet 10 inches by 10 feet; Turner's 'Garden of the Hesperides,' 7 feet by 5 feet, all which in rooms so small in size would now-a-days be regarded as somewhat remarkable.

It was part of the original scheme to found a School of Painting, as well as to exhibit the pictures of established practitioners. At the close of

the first exhibition, therefore, the directors obtained from among the governors a selection of "pictures by the old masters," which were placed in the gallery "for the study of rising artists;" and a considerable number of students, female as well as male, attended regularly during the autumn months: but at first, and for some years, no copies were allowed to be made of any of the pictures, "it being the opinion of the committee that the objects of the institution may be best obtained by imitation, studies, and sketches, and by the endeavour at producing companions to the pictures lent." In those early years it was therefore really a school—though a school without teachers. But for several years past the prohibition against making copies has been rescinded, and "the School" has dwindled down into a mere place for the practice of that "most delusive kind of industry," the making of bad copies of good pictures—rather, as may in most cases be feared, for sale than for educational purposes. For awhile the school seemed really to flourish. A large number of old pictures were retained, the Prince Regent permitted annually one or two of the Cartoons to be removed to the Gallery, and from fifty to seventy students were in regular attendance. At its most flourishing period Haydon's school was pursuing its brief career, and his pupils were among the most prominent of the students at the Institution—though Mr. Smith does not mention the fact, nor the violent ebullition of academic and anti-academic partisanship—the war of pen and pencil—to which their proceedings and the subsequent "Exhibition of Drawings executed in public by Mr. Haydon's pupils at the British Institution" gave rise. But this militant spirit soon passed away, and the School of the British Institution has for many a year been only too quiet, and now appears to be nearly comatose.

Another part of the general scheme "for promoting the Fine Arts" on which great hopes were based, was that of awarding premiums for the most successful pictures produced at the annual exhibitions, and the purchase of paintings of a high class. The first premiums were announced to be given in 1808 to those artists who attended the School of Painting in the previous summer, "for the three best original pictures painted as companions, in subject and manner," to the pictures left in the gallery for study. The prizes awarded were—100*l.* to Isaac Pocock for a painting of 'The Insolent Visit of Thomas à Becket to Henry II. ;' 60*l.* to James Green for 'Scene, Gad's Hill, from Shakspeare's Henry IV. ;' and 40*l.* to Miss C. Reinagle, for the 'Interior of a Wood with Banditti.' Next year four prizes of 50 guineas each were awarded for a subject from Shakspeare, to George Dawe (who subsequently secured wealth and fame as a portrait-painter); for a genre picture to M. W. Sharp; for a landscape 'Removing Timber—Autumn,' to John Linnell (our still living veteran landscape-painter); and for a model of 'Samson' to Sebastian Gehagan—a promising young sculptor who was killed some years later by the fall of a statue at which he was working. The next year, Haydon's 'Dentatus' and Hilton's 'Citizens of Calais delivering their keys to Edward III.' received premiums of 100 guineas each. These annual premiums (no longer, however, confined to students in the school) continued with one or two exceptions to be regularly awarded till 1829, when they ceased till 1834, and then till 1841; and in 1842 they were finally abandoned—"their effect not being commensurate with the expectation of the directors." On the whole, perhaps this abandonment was judicious. The system had become obsolete; but in the earlier years of the Institution we are disposed to believe that the premiums really did much to stimulate the energies of our younger artists, and to induce them to strive after a higher style of design and treatment than they would otherwise have attempted. Among the names of the prizeholders occur those of Bird (who received the highest premium ever awarded, 350*l.*), Allston (the great American historical painter, who twice received premiums, 210*l.* and 150*l.*), Holland, Hayter, Jackson, John Martin (twice), Edwin Landseer, E. H. Baily, Stanfield, Danby, Etty, Pickersgill,

Lee, E. W. Cooke, Frank Stone, poor mad Von Holst, F. Goodall, Creswick, Herbert, and others of scarce inferior fame.

The first of the pictures bought or commissioned of living painters, by the Institution, was Benjamin West's huge 'Christ Healing the Sick,' for which 3000 guineas (raised by a special subscription) were paid, and which the directors very handsomely presented to the National Gallery. The next most costly purchases or commissions were James Ward's monstrous 'Allegory of the Battle of Waterloo,' and Hilton's 'Christ Crowned with Thorns,' for each of which 1000 guineas were paid: the former was presented to Chelsea Hospital (its subsequent fate we related in our notice of Ward two or three weeks ago), the latter was given to St. Peter's Church, Pimlico. This last picture was purchased in 1825, and the same year the directors bought Northcote's 'Entombment of our Saviour,' to give to the new church at Chelsea; and commissioned Mr. S. Drummond, A.R.A., to paint 'The Dutch Admiral surrendering his Sword to Lord Duncan after the Battle of Camperdown,' and of Mr. G. Arnold, A.R.A., 'The Battle of the Nile,' for each of which they paid 500 guineas, and presented both to Greenwich Hospital. Altogether they have thus spent upwards of 10,000*l.*, and all their purchases they have presented to some of our public institutions or metropolitan churches. But, besides these works by living artists, they have purchased at a cost of nearly 8000*l.* the following pictures, in order to present them to the National Gallery, of which they are by no means the least attractive or valuable ornaments:—Paolo Veronese's 'St. Nicholas,' Parmegiano's 'Vision of St. Jerome,' Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Holy Family,' and Gainsborough's 'Market Cart.' Nor must we, whilst speaking of these really munificent gifts, neglect to mention that they have voted considerably over 4000*l.* in donations to artists' benevolent institutions.

One other, and not the least important of the means adopted by the institution for carrying out its avowed purpose, has been that of its Summer Exhibitions of the Works of the Old Masters and of deceased British Artists. Of these, the first was held in 1813, and comprised no fewer than 143 of the best works of Sir Joshua Reynolds—a marvellous collection, and one which proved so attractive, that the Directors announced their intention of having a decennial exhibition of the works of our great colourist. They did so in 1823, when they procured 64 of his paintings; in 1833, when they exhibited 50; and again in 1843; but 1853 was suffered to pass by without a similar repetition, and there has been none since. Now, however, that Sir Joshua is again in the ascendant, it would be well if an effort were made to bring together such a collection as that of 1813: it would, we have no doubt, prove the most popular there has been for many a year.

The second Summer Exhibition was perhaps even more interesting, though somewhat less attractive than the first. It consisted of 58 paintings by Hogarth, 85 by Wilson, 73 by Gainsborough, and 12 by Zoffani. The other English painters, whose works have been thus collected, have been—Sir Thomas Lawrence, 91 pictures, in 1830, and 43 in 1833; Benjamin West, 51 in 1833; Hilton, in 1840; Wilkie, a magnificent collection of 130 specimens in 1842; Calcott, 27 in 1845; and, again, Gainsborough—a collection exceedingly rich in portraits—in this past summer. With the exception of a collection of English portraits in 1820, and again in 1846; and one of the works of living painters (selected by themselves as their best works) in 1825, the other Summer Exhibitions have always consisted of a selection of works by the great masters of Italy, the Netherlands, and Spain, lent from nearly all the principal private collections in the kingdom. The amount of pleasure and of instruction which has been thus diffused among students and lovers of art, it would be difficult to over-estimate; and if these exhibitions had been the only result of the British Institution it would not have been founded in vain. But it has also at its Winter Exhibitions, exhibited 23,150 pictures of living painters, and

sold, without any expense to the artists, works to the amount of upwards of 150,000*l.*, besides, as we have seen, rendering great positive service in various other ways. If we cannot, therefore, overlook its shortcomings, or form so lofty an estimate of "the wonderful energy and indefatigable activity" of its directors as the author of the volume under notice, we cheerfully recognise the good they have accomplished, render credit to their zeal, and acknowledge their excellent intentions.

But, as we have said, more might yet be done. The school of painting we may regard as defunct; the system of premiums as definitely abandoned. The Winter Exhibition,—there is no use in blinking the matter—has fallen into a very low condition. Artists do not regard it with confidence. Pictures are admitted or rejected apparently from mere caprice; and the hanging is as capricious as the admission. If the directors will only take this exhibition into their own management; conscientiously give to it the necessary time and thought; call into their assistance one or two independent artists or really competent art-students; and, resolutely casting aside all cliques, honestly, and (in the case of young and unknown men considerably), weigh the claims of the several candidates, we firmly believe they would again have their exhibition one of the most sought, and most influential in the metropolis. And then if they would once more, as their funds admit, purchase any really superior works that might appear on their walls—such as would be more suitable for a public gallery than a drawing-room, leaving the latter to the ordinary law of supply and demand—they would not only attract works of a high class to their exhibition, but administer a wholesome stimulant to the artistic mind. The National Gallery, or some of the many provincial institutions that are now springing into existence, would gladly afford a worthy place to their purchases.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the book that has given occasion, and to a large extent supplied the materials, for these remarks. Mr. Smith is evidently not a man of letters. He has collected materials, not written a memoir. But his monograph will be found interesting by all who are likely to open a work on such a subject. We are not disposed to find fault with his mode of dealing with his materials. It is not unnatural that he should be laudatory, but sometimes his enthusiasm renders him inexact. Thus in speaking of the exhibitions of the works of the old masters, he says of that of 1851 (undoubtedly one of the very best formed by the British Institution), "There can be no hesitation in stating, that such an important collection was never brought together before in London, a fact which could have been accomplished nowhere else in the world." Now, though the expression is not quite clear, we may guess that Mr. Smith means to say (as he is writing in 1859) that no such collection has ever been brought together elsewhere; what then does he say to that brought together a few years later in Manchester? But he is a little subject to these slips of memory. He gives, for instance, at the end of his book, in an account of the National Gallery, a list of the pictures bequeathed and presented to it since 1831; yet, oddly enough, he makes no mention of the Turner, Vernon, or Bell Collections; of Samuel Rogers's Giorgione, Titian and Guido; Halford's Rembrandt, Miss Clarke's Duyckens, &c. However, though it might easily have been a better book, it is still a very serviceable addition to our materials for the history of art in England, and it must find a place in every collection of works on the Fine Arts.

Mr. E. M. Ward's great picture of the 'Royal Family of France in the prison of the Temple,' is on view for a short time at the gallery of Messrs. Jennings, in Cheapside.

Mr. Wallis's collection of English pictures at the gallery of the (old) Society of Painters in Water-Colours, noticed by us a few weeks back, will, we understand, close on the 23rd inst. It has been recently augmented by the addition of several paintings, the chief amongst them being

Maclise's great picture (15 feet by 6) of the 'Bohemians,' one of the largest and most remarkable of his works.

Giovanni Bellini's 'Holy Family,' a very fine work, inscribed with the painter's name, purchased by M. Van Kuyck at Lord Northwick's sale for 300 guineas, has been transferred to the Museum of the Louvre. It is the only work of any importance by this master which the Louvre possesses, and is regarded as a great acquisition.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of Handel's *Messiah* on the 9th instant, was one of the most important that has ever been given by this Society. Not only were the chorusses energetically sang, but the instrumental accompaniments were also given with a delicacy and precision that more clearly than ever demonstrated the beauties of Mozart's additions to the original score. In only one instance did any one of the principals fall short in their elucidation of the text, and this was occasioned more by Madame Rundersdorf's earnestness to do justice to the songs allotted to her, than from any inability to cope with their requirements. Miss Dolby was singing her very best, and Mr. Sims Reeves so exerted himself, and sung with so much *verve* and energy, that it could scarcely be believed that he had been so severe a sufferer of late from indisposition, as unfortunately both for himself and the public he has been. His opening of the oratorio, and his version of "Behold and see!" were most pure specimens of honest vocalisation; not so however his termination of the celebrated song of the second part, "Thou shalt dash them," in which he persisted in retaining his old mistake at the conclusion, by ascending to the upper A of his register, when the score distinctly marks the proper termination on the same note an octave lower. This is neither legitimate, nor just to Handel, and completely undid all Mr. Sims Reeves' previous rendering, which was irreproachable. Sig. Belletti delivered the bass solos with due emphasis and appropriate accent, marking the various divisions with all the exactness of a well-trained musician, and putting himself far beyond any other bass singer of the present day. M. Costa had thus another opportunity of proving how admirably he has trained every department under his direction, and showed that by his usual decision, it is utterly impossible that the great works of Handel, and other oratorio writers, can be heard to perfection anywhere but at the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

On Monday the fifth of the Popular Concerts took place at St. James's Hall, when the scheme consisted chiefly of works by Mendelssohn, including the quartet in E flat, most delicately interpreted by Herren Becker and Reis, Mr. Doyle, and M. Paque; Nos. 1 and 4 of the Sixth Book of the "Songs Without Words," cleverly played by Mrs. J. W. Davison (*née* A. Goddard); and the quartet in F Minor, No. 3, which was given by the same lady and the other instrumentalists we have named, with the exception of Herr Reis. Mrs. J. W. Davison's manipulation was as exact as ever, but nothing more. There was neither heart, nor sentiment in the illustration of the delicious "Songs;" and in the concerted music her own coldness predominated so greatly, as to become the more demonstrative by means of the earnest and effective conjunction of the stringed instruments, by which she was accompanied. Messrs. F. Rowland, Mdle. Behrens, and Mr. Ramsden, were the vocalists of the evening, and acquitted themselves creditably, although only filling a secondary position in the evening's entertainments.

Amongst the most pleasant of musical *réunions* at the present season taking place in town, those of Madame Henri and Miss Stevenson, at their private residence, 18, Cleveland Gardens, deserve more than a passing notice. The latter lady is a pianist of a very high class, and interprets the most difficult and delicate works of the best writers with considerable efficiency; whilst the

former possesses a charming contralto voice, and proves how much she has benefited under the instruction of Signor Garcia, the brother of Mmes. Malibran and Viardot, and one of the very best teachers of the day. The object of these *réunions* is to aid in the cultivation of a refined musical taste, and for this purpose the assistance of an amateur choir and of many professional friends is employed, so that at each *soirée* specimens of the best schools, well performed, and most judiciously selected are sure to be heard.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir commenced their fifth season on Monday evening, with a promise of success that must be exceedingly gratifying to that gentleman. The selection for the occasion consisted of madrigals, part-songs, and glees by the best English and foreign composers, and were as well given as could be desired. The heart of Mr. H. Leslie's choir is evidently in their work, and, this being the case, they would not fear competition even with the celebrated Cologne Company, or any other foreign society of which musical critics have hitherto been so loud in their praise to the disparagement of their own countrymen.

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.—This much-discussed subject has again obtained some share of attention from the press and the public during the last few weeks. What does it mean?—not the attention, but its object? In what does the decline consist? Moral declination? Beyond a doubt, no; for a comparison of English stage literature of any epoch with that of the present day will immediately show that at no period has the morality of the stage ever surpassed that of our time. Then does the decline consist in a loss of popularity? To this question it may be answered that there never were so many English theatres open at one time as during this very week. Only one house, Her Majesty's, has its doors closed, and even of this dismal temple of Thespis we learn that it is to be opened for English performances, and to confer a sixpenny gallery on the masses. Then, if the alleged decline consists neither in decreased morality nor popularity, in what does it consist? To say that the "decline of the drama" means the "perfection of adaptation and robbery from foreign sources," is simply no elucidation of the question whatever. English playwrights have always gone to foreign sources for their plots, and yet this cry, "the decline of the drama," must have arisen upon some foundation, or it never could have achieved the honour of popularity. We believe the "decline of the drama" really to mean "the decline of the prices paid for dramatic works." This decline is not "fall—it is catastrophe." Writing for the stage has ceased to be a profession. Literary men take to the labour *faut de mieux*, but they know that it is hopeless work and desert it at the first opportunity. Mr. Planché himself, one of the most fortunate of English playwrights, very brilliantly referred to this lamentable state of things in his last pretty inspiration, *Love and Fortune*:

Fortune. He has no wit.

Love.

You wouldn't catch him writing for the stage.

A painful truth. Neither of our great humorists ever mentions the stage as an arena for his displays;—no theatrical manager has been heard of who has applied to him for a comedy. In a word, stage literature is in the hands of—theatre lessees only know whom. Actors write pieces; lessees write pieces; stage-managers write pieces; but as for legitimate stage *littérateurs*—they do not exist. One man alone in Great Britain is making a good income by his theatrical writings; one man alone makes a respectable sum annually by catering for the stage to amuse twenty-five millions of people, to say nothing whatever of the other few millions who live in America, Australia, and elsewhere. Is it not disgraceful that the theatres in which that language is spoken, which is infinitely more extended than any tongue upon earth, contributes but to one writer a sum which may be reckoned in four figures? In France it is declared that there are 293 dramatic writers. We do not think we should be

far wrong if we said that England possesses about a score at the utmost, and of that score there is not one who lives wholly by the stage. There are about twenty theatres in London. Let us be so moderate as to suppose the average nightly attendance at each house is 500: this gives, roughly, 3,000,000 play-goers in the year in London alone, paying prices varying from half a sovereign to sixpence, and even lower. Supposing each of these visitors contributes a penny to the humble author; we have a gross amount of stage literature receipts for London alone of 12,500*l*. But there are the provincial, Scotch, and Irish theatres, which should pay equally with the London theatres for the support of those men without whom the stage would be only a stage. Let us suppose the provinces, Ireland, and Scotland, contain but twenty theatres, and then, for convenience, let us accord them a nightly attendance similar to that of London, and we come to the conclusion that the penny per head should yield an annual dramatic fund of 25,000*l*. Now, is there any man so near idioty as to suppose that that sum is paid to English dramatic authors for original pieces from the French. Setting aside 1,000*l*., an immense sum, for the small theatres altogether, and the rate of remuneration probably does not achieve a higher standard than 5*l*. per dramatic entity, we have 24,000*l*. left to divide amongst the writers for the seven theatres which pay anything like prices at all for English works; to wit, Haymarket, Adelphi, Princess's, Lyceum, Strand, St. James's, and Drury Lane. Supposing that each house produces a new piece once a fortnight, this gives 182 new pieces in the year (a number preposterously exaggerated), which would yield, upon a rough calculation, 132*l*. per piece. Now is anyone insane enough to suppose this price is by all channels returned to a dramatic author for his piece? And yet it is clear that in making this rough calculation we have reduced the dramatist's returns in all possible ways after setting out on the penny subscription—annually; a penny to the dramatist for every visitor to a theatre—a farthing if four pieces are played—is not a large sum. We should be glad if anybody would offer a practical scheme for bettering the disgraceful position of the English dramatist.

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REPORT PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, HELD NOVEMBER 25th, 1859.

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On several occasions the Directors have drawn attention to the large sums that have been laid by within the year, and they cannot now refrain from giving prominence to a feature of such great importance. The aggregate of the accumulations, during the three years which have elapsed of the current quinquennial period, amounts to 201,896*l*. while that of the corresponding three years of the period which preceded the last Division was 149,457*l*, being an increase of 52,439*l*.

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THE MOST APPROPRIATE OFFERINGS are those which tend to the promotion of Personal Beauty in the fair and youthful, who at this festive season are more than usually desirous to shine to advantage under the gaze of their friends: none can be more acceptable than

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair; and as an invigorator and beautifier beyond all precedent.

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Unequalled for its rare and inestimable qualities in imparting a radiant bloom to the Complexion, and a softness and delicacy to the Hands and Arms. And

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Which bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like Whiteness, Strengthens the Gums, and renders the Breath sweet and pure.

The Patronage of Royalty, and Rank and Fashion, throughout Europe, and their universally-known efficacy, give these preparations a celebrity unparalleled, and render them peculiarly

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Delicious in Puddings, Custards, Blancmange, Cake, &c., and especially suited to the delicacy of children and invalids. The Lancet states "This is superior to anything of the kind known." Trade Mark and Receipts on each Packet, 4s. and 15s. Obtain it where inferior articles are not substituted, from Family Grocers, Chemists, Confectioners, and Corn Dealers.

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TO TRAVELLERS.—In this age of locomotion many persons are attacked by illness when absent from their homes and their usual medical attendance is impossible. The ignorance of the patient's constitution often leads to strong medicines being prescribed, which ever after weaken the system. Holloway's Intermittent remedies being composed of harmless ingredients, without a particle of mercury or other noxious matters should form the companion of everyone, as he may with confidence use them for any disorders or any ailment whether external or internal. Nothing rectifies disordered digestion, arising from rich viands, or luxuriant living, as soon as these Pills, which suit all temperaments and constitutions, and are equally effective in all climates.

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TRUSS, requiring no steel spring round the body, is recommended for the following peculiarities and advantages:—1st, facility of application; 2nd, perfect freedom from liability to chafe or excoriate; 3rd, it may be worn with equal comfort in any position of the body, by night or day; 4th, it admits of every kind of exercise without the slightest inconvenience to the wearer, and is perfectly concealed from observation.

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* By the use of this Paste 75 per cent. of labour, time, and expense, will be saved, and a far clearer appearance produced.

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61 and 62, St. Paul's Church Yard, and 98 and 99, Paternoster Row, London, March 18th, 1850.

Gentlemen,—Having tried your Patent Window Polish upon our Plate Glass, Chandeliers, and Fronts, we are happy to state the effect has been beyond our expectations; we beg therefore to request you will forward us, at our earliest convenience, a dozen boxes of the Polish. We are, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,

To Messrs. BARNES & CO., AMOTT, BROTHERS, & CO.

96, St. Paul's Churchyard, March 23rd, 1850.

Gentlemen,—Having used the box of Window Polish left with us, and finding it answers every purpose it professes to do, request you will forward one dozen of your sixpenny boxes. G. H. SMITH & CO.

Gloucester House, Ludgate Hill, 25th March, 1850.

Gentlemen,—We have tried the sample of Window Polish left with us, and are perfectly satisfied with it, and shall feel obliged by your sending us one dozen of sixpenny boxes. JOHN HANLEY & CO.

Argyll House, 256, 258, 260, and 262, Regent Street. March 21st, 1850.

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Wholesale Agents, BATTY & CO., Finsbury Pavement.

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